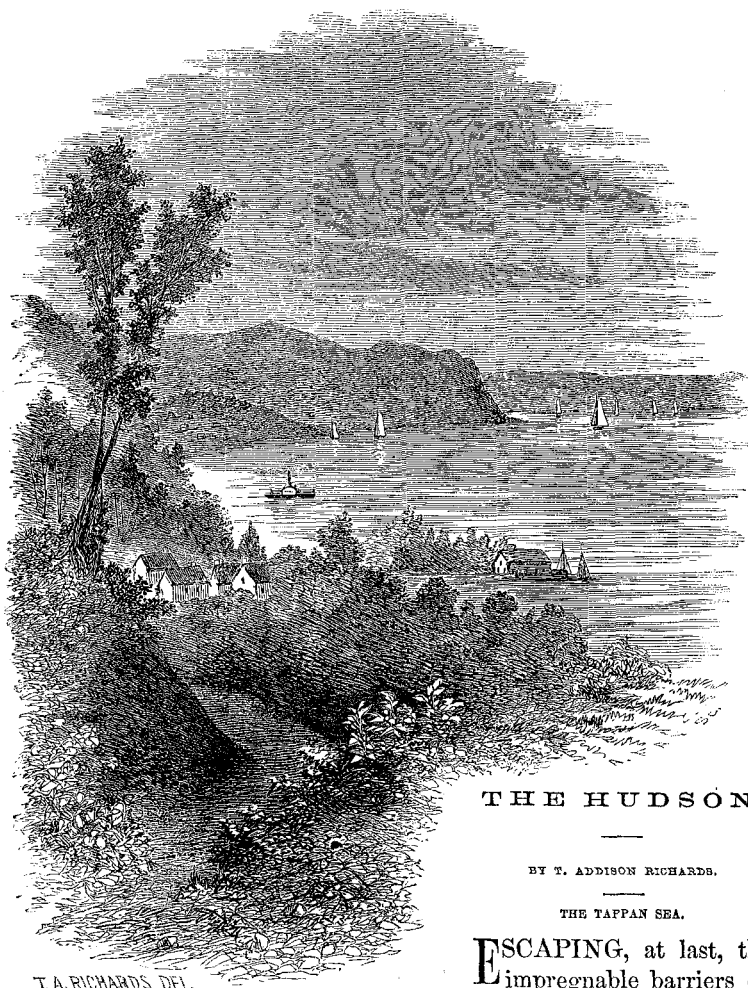


# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LV.

JANUARY, 1860.

No. 1.



## THE HUDSON.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE TAPPAN SEA.

T. A. RICHARDS DEL.  
THE TAPPAN SEA FROM CEDAR-HILL, PIERMONT.  
VOL. LV.

ESCAPING, at last, the  
impregnable barriers of  
the Palisades which, like

the strong walls of some mighty fortress, have looked grimly down upon us for twenty miles or more in our ascent of the river, we emerge into that bright, broad expanse of waters known to the old Dutch navigators as the *Zuider Zee*, and now called the Tappan Bay. This great lake-like widening of the Hudson is the first of three similar formations, the next being the Haverstraw Bay immediately beyond, and the last the charming bay of Newburgh just above the Highland Pass.

The rocky flanks of the Palisades were fashioned, says tradition, in times long past, by the mighty spirit Mantheo, to protect his favorite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. While the jealous deity thus effectually secluded himself, it was at the cost of all the pleasant peeps at the world beyond, the graceful blending of the valley with the hill, which the voyager is glad to see, at last, upon the left hand, no less than on the right, as the Palisades fall away, and the heretofore imprisoned waters expand their bounds, as in holiday glee, between the far distant shores. From this point onward, our story will lie alike on both sides of the river, each being, henceforth, alive with human as with pictorial incident and interest; though the eastern margin is still the most densely and most richly populated, while to the other belongs, as before, the bolder landscape beauties. The river at the point of which we are speaking, has a noble breadth of from three to four miles, and in its altered character, presents of course, scenes of new and great delight. The voyager might very reasonably think himself in fairy-land, should he chance here on a quiet, sunny, summer day, when the clear still waters reflect the whiteness of a hundred lazy sails, and the sunshine of the all-encircling hill-sides; or he might forget that he is upon the bosom of a decorous and peaceful river, should storm and tempest darken the mountains and valleys, and rudely awaken the dreaming floods.



ZION CHURCH, DOBBS' FERRY.

Charming as is this neighborhood in its physical aspect, it is no less distinguished in its historic and poetic story. Here lie the scenes of that most affecting episode of our revolutionary chronicles, the capture and fate of the gallant André. It was at Dobbs' Ferry, near the southern entrance to the Tappan Sea, that the first rendezvous of the unfortunate soldier with his most traitorous confederate was

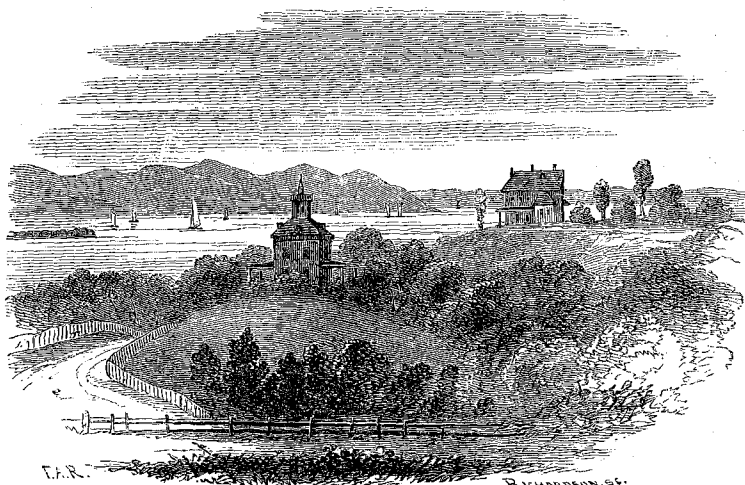


FRUIT: RESIDENCE OF MR. COTTINET, NEAR DOBBS' FERRY.

appointed. In the heart of the present village of Tarrytown, midway on the eastern shore of the Bay, a bold obelisk now marks the fatal spot upon which fortune consigned him to the cruel destiny of a captured spy, and just across the broad river, the traveller may yet enter the little apartment in which his last numbered days were wearily passed; and, still hard by, he may muse upon the very spot, marked at this day by a rudely sculptured stone, upon which he so ignominiously expiated his offence. For themes of sweeter thought, we may turn here to the quiet shades of Sleepy Hollow and other classic scenes, embalmed in the purest amber of the genius of Irving. The beloved magician himself dwelt close by, within the secluded little walls of that most unique and cozy cottage, known to all the world as Sunnyside; a home both within and without as sweet a picture and poem in its way as has been the life and labors of its gifted occupant. Across the river, and (as he himself might phrase it) 'immediately fernent' the Sunnyside retreat, lives the genial gossip, Clark, at

whose merry and hospitable 'Table' the patrons of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* have for so many years enjoyed 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' May he long live to see the cedars green around his cheerful cot, and to look through their verdant fringe down upon the broad waters so dear to his heart. With this inviting chart opened before us, we will now begin our day's tramp.

A little below the Tappan Bay, and upon the eastern verge of the river lies the charming village of Hastings, where we left the traveller at the close of the preceding chapter. He has enjoyed his sojourn there, no doubt, for despite the metropolitan proximity of the place, its rural aspect is as excellent as though no such highways as the Hudson and its railroad touched its threshold: more than may be truly said of any of the river localities below. The hamlet—for the more stately villa-edifices apart, such it is—lies snugly nestled in the depths of a beautiful glen, or spreads quietly away upon its verdant acclivities and lofty terraces, looking into the shades of old woods, and listening to the murmurs of running brooks below, and gazing far up and down the broad river above. In the olden time, that is to say, in the days of our revolution, the region around was the domain of the worthy farmer, Peter Post, whose patriotism on one occasion subjected him to an experience which he remembered, no doubt, with less pleasure than we do now. At the period referred to he assisted the patriots, under Colonel Sheldon, to surprise a party of marauding Hessians, by beguiling them into the belief that the Americans, whom they were pursuing, had moved on in a certain direction, while they were snugly ambushed conveniently in the rear.



NORTH FROM ZION CHURCH: DOBBS' FERRY.





PIAZZA SCENE FROM THE RESIDENCE OF MR. COTTINET.

'The Hessians, deceived by his answer,' says the story according to Bolton, in his History of the County of Westchester, 'were proceeding in full gallop through the lane, when a shrill whistle rang through the air, instantly followed by the impetuous charge of Sheldon's horse. Panic-stricken, the enemy fled in every direction, but the fresh horses of the Americans carried their gallant riders wherever a wandering ray disclosed the steel cap or the brilliant accoutrements of a Hessian. A bridle-path leading from the place of ambush to the river was strewn with the dead and dying, while those who sought safety in the water were captured, cut to pieces and drowned. The conflict so short and bloody, was decisive. One solitary horseman was seen galloping off in the direction of Yonkers, and he alone, wounded and unarmed, reached the camp of Colonel Emmerick in safety. Here he related the particulars of the march, the sudden onset and retreat.

'Astonished and maddened with rage, Emmerick started his whole command in pursuit. Poor Post was stripped for his fidelity, and after having a sufficient number of blows inflicted upon his person, left for dead.'

The homestead of our 'Peter martyr,' a small stone edifice in his day, is still standing in more modern cottage guise.

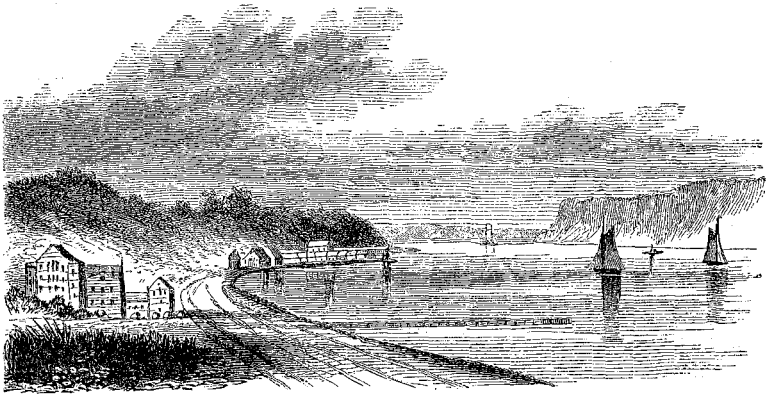
A mile above Hastings lies the equally pretty village, known in remote years, as at this time, as Dobbs' Ferry. Like Hastings, the settlement here covers hill and dell, rising charmingly from the river shore to the crests of lofty ridges. The homely name of the village was the bequest of the ancient family of Dobbs, ('Dobb — his ferry,' says Mr. Sparrowgrass,) who whilome farmed and ferried the contiguous land

and water. As early as 1698 there lived here or hereabouts Jan Dobs en zyn huys vrou (Anglice, Dobbs and his wife,) both of whom were members of the now venerable old church in Sleepy Hollow, above.

The Indians called this neighborhood Weec-quæs-guck, 'the place of the bark kettle.' Their wigwams were very probably set up near the mouth of the Weghquegue or Wicker's Creek, which here enters the Hudson. Dobbs' Ferry was a famous place during the Revolution; and well-preserved military remains in the forms of redoubts may yet be seen there, in the immediate vicinage of the present railway station, and at other points near by. These fortifications commanded the ferry to Paramus, now known as Sneed's Landing, across on the New-Jersey shore. They were a sore vexation, as they were meant to be, to the British ships which ventured to trespass upon the surrounding waters.

Dobbs' Ferry was an important post in the estimation of both armies of the Revolution, and the rendezvous of each alternately. It was here that the British troops mustered after the battle of White Plains, and before marching to the assault upon Fort Washington, narrated in our second chapter; while about the same time Cornwallis led some six thousand of the enemy from Hastings below, over the river to Paramus, and thence towards the American posts at Fort Lee. In January, 1777, Lincoln and his detachment of the patriot army encamped here awhile. Later, in 1781, while Washington's headquarters were at the old Livingston mansion, hereabouts, there occurred a night-skirmish (August 3d,) between the humble garrison at the fort on the river bank, and some guard-boats of the enemy.

On the nineteenth of July, 1781, says Thatcher, the British frigates that passed up the North River a few days since, took advantage of



LANDING AT DOBBS' FERRY—FROM ABOVE



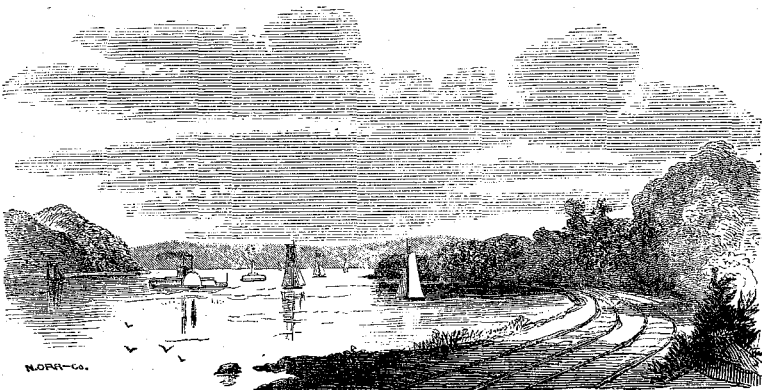
RIVER-FRONT OF THE RESIDENCE OF MR. MACNAMEE, IRVINGTON.

wind and tide to return to New-York. A severe cannonade commenced from our batteries at Dobbs' Ferry, where the river is about three miles wide. They were compelled literally to run the gauntlet. They returned the fire as they passed, but without effect; on board the *Savage*, ship of war, a box of powder took fire, and such was the consternation that twenty people jumped into the river, among whom was a prisoner on board, who informs us that he was the only man who got on shore, all the rest being drowned. He reports, also, that the *Savage* was several times hulled by our shot, and was very near sinking. As we have already intimated, it was at Dobbs' Ferry that the first treasonable interview between Arnold and André was to have been held; though through some misunderstanding or mischance the meeting occurred neither then nor there.

The sumptuous summer-houses which form so marked and beautiful a feature of all that portion of the Hudson, are thick in the vicinage of Dobbs' Ferry, and thicker yet above, to the adjoining village of Irvington, and thence to Tarrytown. Just above the ancient Ferry is

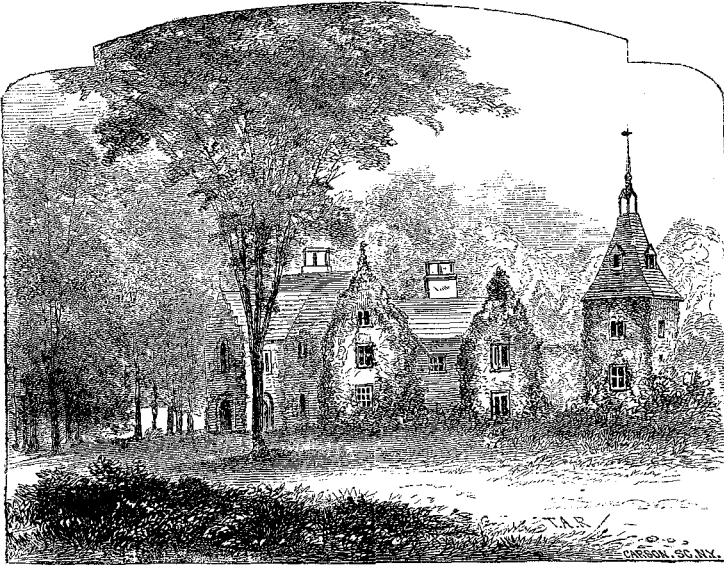
'Nuits,' the charming seat of Mr. Cottinet, a beautiful Italian edifice of the purest Caen stone. Adjoining, is the residence of James Hamilton, Esq., and the pleasant cottage of Mr. George Schuyler. Of the first of these homes we have preserved some mementoes among our sketches, as also of the stately abode of Mr. MacNamee, still beyond, and just below the station at Irvington.

At Irvington, and along the whole reach of the two miles thence to Tarrytown, the villa homes are close as autumn leaves, and every succeeding season they grow in numbers and in beauty. Our gallery would soon run over, were we to attempt the picture of all the worthy architectural attractions here: the examples already chosen must therefore suffice to tell the long tale, excepting that portion of it which concerns the little cottage at 'Sunnyside,' revered as the home of Washington Irving. No other house on the river, or in all the land, will serve as a prototype to this most unique and most remarkable edifice. Plenty are there, all about, of more spacious and more magnificent abodes, but not one of such striking individuality, of such graceful beauty, of such picturesque aspect, of such similitude to our romantic dreams of the home of love and poesy. And yet it is but a little box, with little rooms, surrounded by little lawns and lanes — all shrinking from public gaze in the modest shades of woods and shrubbery and vines. 'It is an old-fashioned, stone mansion,' says the venerable occupant himself, 'all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked-hat. Years and years,' he says, speaking of its aspect in other days, 'passed over the time-honored little mansion. The honeysuckle and the sweet-brier crept up its walls; the wren and the phœbe-bird built under the eaves; it gradually became almost hidden among trees through which it looked forth, as with half-shut eyes, upon the Tappan Sea. The crow-stepped gables were of the



UP THE RIVER BELOW IRVINGTON.





SUNNYSIDE—HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

primitive architecture of the province. The weather-cocks which surmounted them had crowed in the glorious days of the New-Netherlands. The one over the porch had actually glittered of yore on the great Vander Heyden Palace at Albany.

This is as truthful a picture of the quaint old homestead at this moment as it ever was. For a minute history — and the spot has a long and very heroic history — we commend the reader to Mr. Irving's researches into the records of 'Wolfert's Roost,' in the volume published under that title. Here he will read how in years long gone by, the venerable edifice received its original name from its ancient owner, Wolfert Acker, who inscribed over its portals his favorite motto of 'Lust in Rust,' or pleasure in quiet; hence it became known as Wolfert's Rest, says the historian, and 'by the uneducated who did not understand Dutch, Wolfert's Roost.' This was at the period of the Dutch ascendancy in the New-Netherlands, when Peter Stuyvesant ruled the land with his iron sceptre and his wooden leg.

During the Revolution, the Roost was the home of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant patriot, who converted his hearth into a private military post. It was in the heart of the neutral ground heretofore mentioned, as the Africa into which both armies of the time carried their devastating war, and of course it suffered no little damage thereby. In point of fact, it degenerated into the ruinous abode of bats and owls only. At this second epoch in its history it was called the Van Tassel House. Mr. Irving's residence in the eventful mansion began

about the year 1835, when it received its present agreeable and characteristic baptismal of Sunnyside. The cottage stands close to the river, some half-mile above the railway-station at Irvington, and may be seen in peeps, *en passant*, but only by eyes well informed as to its precise geography. Irvington, which gives railway access to Sunnyside, is a small place of only slight consideration apart from the villa residences around it. It was originally settled with sanguine hopes of rapid growth, by the aid of its position, directly opposite Piermont, at that time the eastern terminus of the great Erie railroad. But the Erie company afterwards approached New-York, with its principal business, by the nearer point of Jersey City; and Dearman, as the settlement was at first called, was laid upon the shelf. Its present name was afterwards chosen in compliment to the author of the 'Sketch Book.' Two miles beyond Irvington we reach the pleasant streets of Tarrytown. The railway would transport us there in a twinkling, but our approach at this time will be by the more circuitous way of Piermont on the opposite side of the river; thence four miles along the western shore of the Tappan Bay to Nyack, and from there over the Hudson again, by the Ferry.

The traveller will not have failed to notice the interminable wharf, which juts out a mile or more from the shore at Piermont, and from which the place takes its name. It belongs to the Erie Railway Company, and was built to facilitate the river shipment of their freights;

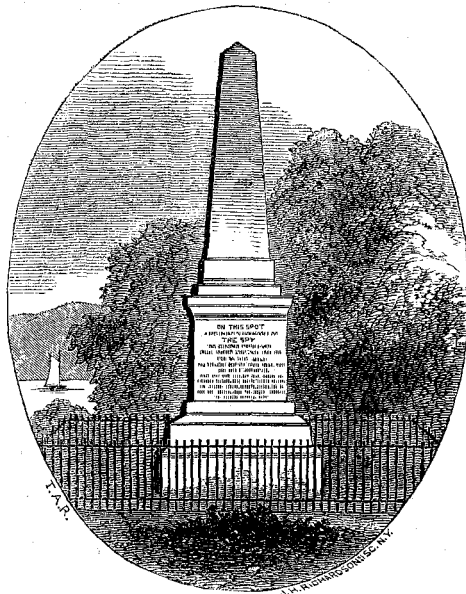


RESIDENCE OF MOSES H. GRINNELL, ESQ., AT IRVINGTON.

a service which it yet performs, though not to the extent intended, when it was expected to be the only or the chief river terminus. This wharf is hardly a picturesque feature in the landscape, under any effect or from any point, though it may be excused sometimes when its dreary length drops entirely under the base of the hills, as when seen from the western shore above.

Piermont is a railway scion, and as far as the business or river portion of the village is concerned, is a true chip of the old block; the bustling, noisy, dirty, profane neighborhood, one might expect. This is a pity, for few portions of the Hudson are so rich in natural beauties as the vicinage of Piermont, where the mighty mirror of the Tappan Sea reflects the purple shades and the golden sunshine of grand mountain acclivities, and of most picturesque headlands. Back of the village, on the west, the land steps in noble terraces from the water-side to the lofty crests of Tower Hill. To the southward the Palisades rise in majesty, and above, the Bay is shut in by the superb cliffs of the promontory, known as Point-no-Point, or more familiarly, as the Hook Mountain. By-and-by, no doubt, order will come out of this social chaos common to a society of railway laborers, and in the mean while all is quiet and repose on the high terraces above the dépôts and work-shops, and there cultivated and elegant homes are growing up into an attractive neighborhood quite apart from the ruder one below.

It is here, far up on the slope, that we find '*Cedar-Hill Cottage*,' the pleasant home for many years past of LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, the lifelong Editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE*. Here in quiet and rest, all undisturbed by the solicitations of the devil — a technical use only of the word — he gossips the months away with his wide world of literary friends. Many, we are sure, are they between Maine and California, who will look with pleasure upon the peep at the '*Cottage*,' which we have included in our present illustrations. Though most



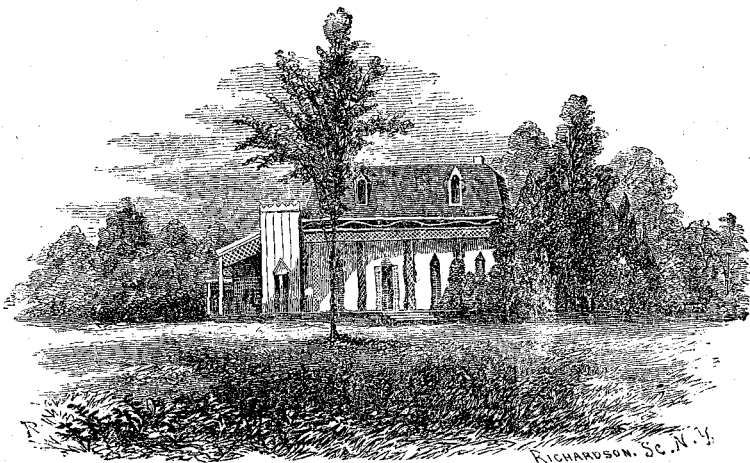
ANDRE MONUMENT AT TARRYTOWN.

charmingly situated, commanding among other fine glimpses, the upward stretch of the Tappan Sea, recorded in the initial picture or frontispiece of this chapter; yet it is in itself a very unpretending structure; that more expensive array of gables and turrets depicted on the title-page of the 'Knickerbocker Gallery,' the famous complimentary volume published some years ago in honor of and for the benefit of our editor, being not yet erected.

About two miles back of Piermont is the ancient village of Tappan, an important camping ground during the Revolution. Here Washington held his head-quarters at one period, in an old house, still to be seen in excellent preservation. It was in this vicinity that a body of troops, under Baylor, was surprised at midnight by General Grey, when, out of one hundred and four persons, sixty-seven were slain or captured, despite their cry for quarter. The chief interest of this region is however in its associations with the tragic fate of Major André, for here it was that the dark curtain fell upon the last sad act in the drama of which the memorable 'capture' of the ill-starred soldier was the ominous prologue.

No better time than now will come to us to recall the incidents of this thrilling story, though the retrospect may well be brief—known as it is in all its details, and often as we may yet be led to recur to it, in our progress up the tale-telling river.

It was in that dreary period in the history of the American Revolution when even hope was heroism, that Benedict Arnold, an officer of the highest rank and trust in the patriot service, and a man hitherto deemed to be of unquestionable virtue, sought to destroy the last faint glimmer of light which reduced numbers, insufficient stores, ill-



CEDAR-HILL COTTAGE, RESIDENCE OF L. GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.



successes, and the increasing pressure of superior and boastful foes, had left in the hearts of his patient countrymen.

The arch-traitor was at this time in command of those fortifications at West-Point, in the great Highland defile of the Hudson, upon the fate of which the result of the struggle was supposed greatly to depend. This important post he was, in conjunction with Major André, acting in behalf of the enemy, miserably seeking to betray.

André was a young officer of distinguished ability and position, and remarkable among the choice spirits of his time and class for personal graces and accomplishments, and he anticipated, no doubt, from the rôle which he was so unhappily led to play in this ignoble plot, high and worthy fame, instead of the terrible disgrace and punishment of a spy.

He had passed and repassed in disguise, and with safe-conducts under the traitor's own hand, between the camps of the rival armies, and was at length returning homeward in possession of all the means and sureties for the consummation of the dark treachery, when a little chance, as it seemed, changed all the colors of his hopes and fortunes.

Tarrytown was at this period the centre of that ill-used 'neutral ground' which, stretching between the posts of the two armies, became the prey of both. At the precise moment of which we write, the marauders, or 'Skinners,' of the American ranks, were on the alert for expected incursions of the 'Cow-boys' of the British, in quest of cattle for city supplies. Of seven daring fellows who had obtained permission to look after these thieves, three posted themselves in ambush, in that part of the village traversed then as now, by the great post-road from New-York to Albany. This trio, since so gratefully remembered by their countrymen, under the names of John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, had watched at their post quietly for an hour or two on the morning of the twenty-third of September, 1780 — now and then challenging and passing a straggling friend — when a stranger horseman, of more remarkable appearance, approached, and excited their curiosity and doubts in an unwonted degree, especially when, supposing himself to have fallen in with adherents of the British, he hastened to declare himself an officer of that army. The suspicions which this claim awakened were but slightly

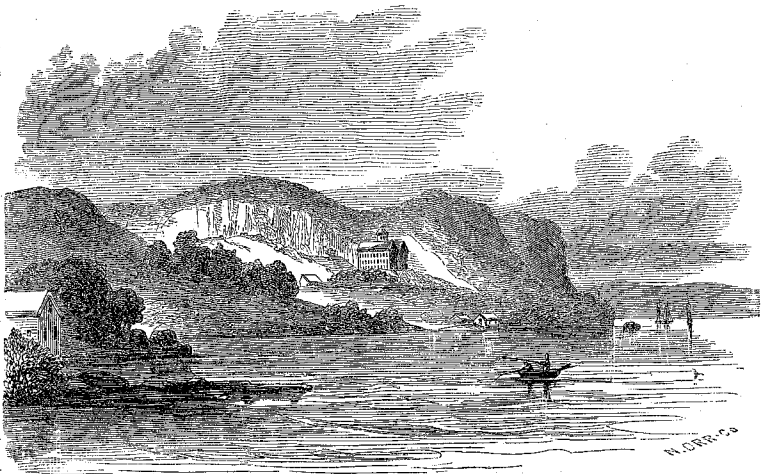


PLACE WHERE ANDRE WAS EXECUTED.

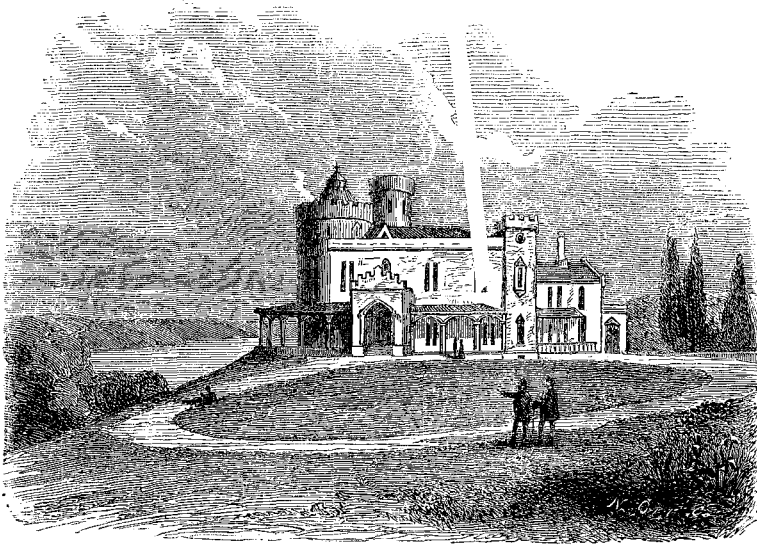
allayed by the subsequent denial of his words and the production of the formal pass, in the hand of the American General. Despite entreaties and threats, the captors proceeded to a more minute search of the person of the traveller. Taking him back within the cover of the bushes, they compelled him to pull off his clothes, though without discovering any thing to confirm their doubts. They next, but seemingly with like results, removed the prisoner's boots. At this critical moment the search would have ended and our story would have taken a very different turn, but for the unexpected discovery of papers carefully concealed within the foot of his stockings. The documents were eagerly opened and read, their momentous bearings at once understood, and the traveller summarily arrested as a spy. No offers of reward could now buy his freedom — 'Not,' said John Paulding, 'if you would give us ten thousand guineas should you stir one step!'

This traveller was Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British army, and the fatal papers discovered upon his person were the evidences of Arnold's meditated treason, and of his own complicity in the crime. The case admitted of no doubt, and the prisoner was at once conducted to North-Castle, then the nearest military station. He was removed thence to West-Point, and again, on the twenty-eighth of September, to Stony Point, and finally, yet further down the river to Old Tappan.

All this time the unfortunate man little anticipated the fatal *denouement* which awaited his rash adventure. His professional rank and social state repudiated the possibility of such bold extremities. Neither do his sanguine hopes appear to have been unreasonable, since the



THE HOOK MOUNTAIN—BELOW NYACK.



'ERIKSTAN,' TARRYTOWN — RESIDENCE OF JOHN J. HERRICK, ESQ.

general sentiment, even in the ranks of his foes, was, as it has ever since been with their descendants, one of earnest commiseration and kind apology. But the exigencies of the hour forbade, alas! the indulgences of these most natural dispositions. The averted crime was deep in dye; the traitor himself had escaped; disaffection was known to exist within the camp of the patriots, to such extent, that mercy at the moment might have been the direst evil; the captive had wittingly placed his life upon the chance, and by all the laws of war and of equity his doom was inevitable.

He was tried and condemned by a court-martial of fourteen general officers, in the old Dutch church which gave place in 1836 to the larger edifice that now covers the spot. The place of his confinement and from which he was led to the scaffold, still stands near the church. It is a little, low building, known to-day as the 'Stone House of '76.' Its appearance has somewhat changed, however, in process of years; a portico or piazza has grown up along the entire front, and the interior has been adapted to the purposes of a country way-side inn. The apartment once occupied by André has been converted into a ball-room; and Lossing tells us that at the time of his visit to the spot he heard the vandal owner boasting that he had received a whole dollar for the old lock that fastened up "Major Andrew."

Not far west of this old jail a stone, rudely sculptured, marks the spot where the young soldier bravely met his sad fate, and where his bones rested through forty long years afterward. At that time

(1821) the relics were piously removed to a more hallowed grave, within the stately aisles of Westminster Abbey. Here they now moulder beneath a sumptuous monument, whereon they are mourned, not as those of an unhappy spy and a wretched felon, but of one 'who fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes.'

Bidding good-by to Tappan and its interesting memories, we retrace our way to Piermont, and thence follow the river road and shore, all undisturbed by prosy railway tracks, as on the opposite side, to Nyack — a delightful ride or ramble to a pleasant destination.

Nyack is a pretty and prosperous town, with good hope for the future, especially when it shall be reached, as it will be ere long, by the line of the Northern Railway, which already extends from Jersey City, back of the River Palisades to Piermont, just below. Among the most salient features of the landscape at Nyack, is the spacious edifice of the Rockland Female Institute, seen very picturesquely from all points, on the river or the shore above and below.

Directly across from Nyack lies the far-spreading domain of Tarrytown, readily reached by steam ferry. It is an enviable spot for sojourn, and there for the present we leave our traveller.



ERIKSTAN, ' FROM BELOW.



## S I X   B Y   S E V E N .

I AM a young woman in no wise distinguished by intellect, person, or accomplishment, from the mob of those who polk indifferently, laugh a good deal, and now and then experience a chance lover. Being so very ordinary, it will always remain a mystery why I was made the heroine of certain occurrences which it frightens me to think of.

We are residents of a large country town that crams itself with knowledge through a lyceum all winter, and dissipates the effect of so heavy a repast by a grand musical entertainment at the end of the season, generally some series of eight, with the Mendelssohn quintettes. There are a dozen steeples for indices of the religious fervency or pugnacity of the population; a reading-room where old gentlemen discuss the reputations of young ladies; every body takes a daily paper from the metropolis, and Court sits two or three times a year in this pleasant, dull old crevice of the State.

We lived, at the time about which I am going to tell you, in a house bequeathed my father by his Uncle Oliver—both uncle and nephew long dead; it was surrounded by a large garden, melancholy in the rankness of its summer ruin, from which my mother anticipated selling house-lots at some mythical period of an increase of habitation in the town. Our means were not large, and very little had been done to this house, and no furniture added since the day we moved into it shortly after my grand-uncle's sudden death, and before my birth. I said Uncle Oliver's sudden death, because I did n't like to say at first that he was murdered.

There is always an undue proportion of spinsters in country places, and, as in the present instance, frequently aged ones. I am a great favorite of old ladies, and I like to go and chat with them while they unfold their yellow samplers with a story for the setting of every stitch, and again slip rust-eaten ornaments on the shrunken hand and arm that once filled them so fair and roundly. Privacy or retirement does not exist in these settlements; *that* you find in cities, and so our own affairs were not better known to all such people than their little histories to us, and it was always pleasant to collate their own account with the higher-colored one of hearsay. Among these maiden-ladies there were two with whom we had some bond, and them I oftener visited than the others. They lived so snugly and happily that I never saw them without determining on the blessings of a single life. Miss Lucinda was the Martha of the establishment. I did not so much affect her: Miss Helen was my centre of attraction, and that not less for her

own sake than that she once promised and expected to marry my father's uncle.

There was scarcely any thing I had ever seen so charming as this old woman ; the circle of years with their sorrows and compensations had sown peace on her quiet face, and bathed it in a certain saintly shine ; her soft gray hair, her clear lawn cap, her exquisite neatness, all added to a beauty that was far purer and more touching than that of youth. Miss Helen's voice was yet much younger than her person, and her hazel eyes were bright at seventy as perhaps at twenty. She was very fond of me, partly because she fancied I looked like my uncle. I am sure I hope I do n't. I must tell you how it was between her and Uncle Noll.

In the first place, he yielded as the enemy was marching by, without having been either besieged or summoned to surrender ; he yielded with the more infatuation because he was twenty-two years the elder. 'People at forty-two are far more jealous than at twenty-two,' said Miss Helen to me, 'because maturity is less presumptuous than youth, my dear,' by which I infer that my uncle pestered the life out of Miss Helen with an absurd jealousy. However, they were engaged, and the wedding paraphernalia was ready, and the wedding-day was fixed for just such a day as this, an early, cheerful October day, all Nature festally trimmed in sympathy with lovers. Now Miss Helen had another lover, one of her own age, though not of her own rank, a young carpenter who had beset her with silent attentions, yet without ever speaking of the hopeless passion that she knew he cherished. Of course my uncle would have thought it tempting Providence to neglect such fine opportunities for the display of his great forte, as this silent suitor afforded him. He was intolerably distrustful, and, beleaguered as he was by doubts and fears, would never have employed the young carpenter to make some slight but necessary repairs in the breakfast-parlor if there had been in the town another capable of the job.

It so happened that one morning just as the carpenter had completed his task, Miss Helen opened the front-door, and then that of the breakfast-parlor.

'May I come in ?' she said ; and before my uncle with his old-style gallantry could hand her into another room, she had tiptoed across the dust to him. Perhaps she was a bit of a coquette and enjoyed the little disturbance that she knew would be created in the heart of either lover by her appearance. She held in her hand a letter just written and inviting a friend of his to the holiday, and having waited for him to come and read it till the post was about starting, had thought best to run down and find him.

Meanwhile, Ralph Crampton, the young carpenter, stooped to readjust a trifle in his finished work that needed no readjustment ; and

while my uncle read the letter, standing before the tall mahogany secretary with Miss Helen at the other end, she watched the flush that came and went like a pulse in the young man's stooping face. Soon her attention was compulsorily drawn back to Uncle Oliver; he was not reading the letter, but regarding her with such a heated brow and angry eye that she knew at once what demon possessed him. She asked if he had finished. 'Not quite,' he returned shortly. Then she took up a little silhouette framed in some half-dozen and odd inches—it still hangs high on a panel of our breakfast-room—and played with the slender back-board whose confining tacks had got loosened. Wearying of that, for my uncle read the letter slowly, having to keep one eye on her, she commenced turning the ring on her fore-finger, slipping it on and off, and rubbing it here and there with the pen-wiper. This was a very costly diamond ring, a gift from my uncle, and was worth nearly a thousand dollars. 'It was worth the universe to me, my dear,' Miss Helen once said. Continuing to play with the ring, it accidentally fell from her fingers. Just then my uncle looked up from the perusal of the note. 'Is it right?' she asked, bending to pick up the trinket.

'Entirely.'

'Then will you take it down now, dear?' while her hand wandered over the floor in her search.

'And leave you here?' asked my uncle responsively, in a low tone, with a significant flash of his eye.

'Oh! I will go too, when I find my ring. I have dropped it; help me look, please. I thought it rolled on the floor.'

'You are certain that you dropped it?' said my uncle, with a peculiar emphasis.

'It fell, but I'm sure I do n't know whether into some crack of the secretary or the floor,' was the innocent reply.

'I do n't see it there,' said my uncle, stooping with her till her curls brushed his forehead and put him into good humor again, 'it must be in the secretary. Crampton!' Here he rose and faced the young carpenter who was still busy, 'Crampton, will you come and unhinge this lid?' My uncle brushed the papers back into the pigeon-holes, folded the letter and put it in his wallet; while Crampton hung up the little silhouette after looking at it an instant, and then unhinging the lid as directed, took the secretary nearly to pieces, all without finding the ring. Here Uncle Oliver's suspicious nature was again excited; he showered hurried glances on the carpenter who, in his green jacket, with his rule thrust half-way into the pocket, went methodically about his work, and, except for the flush in his cheek, as indifferently as if laying another plank in the floor. But as Miss Helen caught one of these glances, she saw what mischief the loss might

occasion, and procuring a broom, swept in every corner to find the missing thing. It was all labor lost; whether spirited off or made away with by flesh and blood no one knew; the ring never was found. The first dinner-bell rang just as she gave up the search and burst into tears, tears not shed for any ring.

At this point Uncle Oliver fluctuated between two suspicions. Seeing what distress the affair occasioned her, he almost abandoned his first one, that she had lost it designedly for Ralph Crampton to find, and remembering the value of such a treasure-trove to a poor workman, believed that Ralph Crampton had stolen it. Hastily confronting, he taxed him with it roundly. The young man was silent in surprise at first, then indignation at such a charge in such a presence overwhelmed him, and a bold torrent of reproach and denial broke forth. My uncle was a powerful man; he raised his arm to strike down the daring stripling, but Miss Helen caught it. 'O Oliver! I knew he did n't. I have lost it. He *can't* have it!' she cried. 'Oh! what made me come here this morning! What made me come here!' My uncle had sufficient to attend to just then in soothing Miss Helen. Ralph Crampton gathered up his tools and walked out of the house.

But there the matter was not to rest. An hour afterward, forgetting that if Crampton had the ring he had had time to dispose of it somewhere, Uncle Oliver had him arrested, searched, and committed to jail. The grand-jury sat that week, a true bill was found, the next term-time was close at hand, and the case was brought on. Crampton refused a lawyer, or any plea but denial. My uncle, vindictive, and with a jealous fury, pushed the trial adroitly step by step. He would almost have had Miss Helen testify in court, but this she absolutely refused; nevertheless, her deposition of the circumstances was required and given, while she protested her belief in the defendant's innocence. The wedding-day had been postponed till the trial was concluded, my uncle being so much engaged with that; and the letter which she had brought him down to read was yet folded unmailed in his wallet. When the Justice of the Peace who took her deposition had departed, my uncle said:

'Helen, you are very wrong to assert this scoundrel's innocence so confidently, it may injure the case. The chief witness in a trial ——'

'It is not a trial! It is a persecution!' she exclaimed.

My uncle looked at her an instant, then took a couple of rapid turns up and down the room. As he came back and paused before her, 'One thing is certain,' he said, 'either Ralph Crampton stole the ring, or you gave it to him! If the last, tell me so, and I will stop the proceedings. God knows I would not ruin an innocent man!'

'I wish I *had* given it to him, then,' she cried, heedless of the interpretation he would be sure to put on her words.



‘You wish so?’

‘Yes!’ she returned, with as much fire suddenly awakened in her as ever in himself, ‘I could get it again then and restore it to you, and there would be an end of all this miserable turmoil, jealousy, and anger, and heart-burning!’

‘You wish it to come to an end? Very well,’ said my uncle, and taking up his hat he left the room, closing both doors with an ominous gentleness. If Miss Helen’s much-tried temper had only suffered her to run after him as perhaps she thought of doing, I should not be telling my story. But a pitiful pride held her back; she was glad to inflict a little of what she had suffered. Notwithstanding, she was crying as if her heart would break—for my uncle took the night to think about it—when at the same hour of the next day a note was brought her. She has shown it to me since, yellow and creased, and falling to pieces with the weight of fifty-two seasons. Hoping all that it is impossible to utter, she broke the seal. This is what it said:

‘MY DEAR HELEN: It is I who am wrong. Wrong in dreaming that a gulf of twenty-two years did not separate us completely as a gulf of fire. My darling, I am awake now. I will not chain your youth to my advancing age, my stiff notions, my angry doubts. If you refuse to allow this, I still take it as my own punishment. I shall never marry; as for you, you are free. Perhaps fate pointed at this in taking your ring. Henceforth, no longer your lover, your father rather, always and forever, Helen, your truest friend,

‘OLIVER GORDON.’

Miss Helen was not that bustling soul Miss Lucinda, who would straightway have gone and found Oliver Gordon, had it out in so many words, and probably have stopped in at the parish church with him on the way home. She sat still and bore it. But if my uncle had been vehement in the prosecution before, he was furiously so now; he threw all his influence into the scale against Ralph Crampton; he felt that if not of the ring, he had certainly robbed him of hope and happiness. Money, power, respectability, and circumstantial evidence can effect much. Ralph Crampton was sentenced to ten years’ imprisonment. He turned to my uncle in full court, before being led away, and swore he would have his life. Here closes the first act.

Ten years passed now on silent wings. My uncle became a thought stiffer and more old-fashioned than before. He spent two evenings and the Sabbath of every week at Miss Helen’s. When her mother died he took every arrangement upon himself; and when their house burned down he brought them home while he re-built and re-furnished it; but during that brief six months’ stay, the breakfast-parlor by

tacit consent remained closed and unused. Finally, my uncle made his will, by which a comfortable annuity was to devolve upon Miss Helen; this house and grounds, and a sum of money, on my father; and the remainder to another nephew of his, who is dead also, now, so that cousin Harry, his son, born nearly twenty years later, inherits a handsomely accumulated property.

One evening just at twilight, toward the close of this period, my uncle stepped into Miss Helen's parlor. After chatting by the red firelight till all the stars came out above, he extended his hand for his hat.

'I came a little earlier than usual, to-night,' said he, 'because I go so early to-morrow.'

'Where are you going, Sir?' she asked, for he had always, during these ten years demanded, and she had given a certain deferential address.

'I am going to the State Prison,' he said curtly.

At first she laughed, and then as his reason flashed on her:

'Oh!' she said, raising her hand to her forehead, 'I had forgotten!'

'Forgotten, Helen!' The intensity in his tone was like that she used to hear so long ago; she answered nothing, but he came and leaned over her chair. 'Helen,' he murmured, 'can you ever forget?'

Again she answered nothing, but looking up, met for the last time that tender and passionate regard which had enriched her youth. Half-timidly, and then with a daring swiftness, she raised her arm, sprang up and laid her cheek against his, wet with tears. A moment he held her, only a moment, then he kissed her forehead as her father would have done, re-seated her and went out. She heard his quick, heavy step on the gravel, and the swing of his cane that scattered the pebbles, and that was the last to her of Oliver Gordon. Don't *you* know why he went to the State Prison? The next day Ralph Crampton's sentence was ended. He meant to question him alone and sincerely, and I verily believe to repay all his sufferings in so far as it might be possible. As he stepped into the prisoner's cell, a heartier, haler man was never seen alive; an hour afterward the turnkey, opening the door, trod upon him ghastly and dead, and Ralph Crampton was kneeling over him, hands and clothes smeared and dabbled in blood. The prisoner's simple story was that Mr. Gordon got into a great passion on his (Crampton's) persistent denial of the ancient theft, and suddenly endeavoring to control himself, grew purple, and then a little rill of blood broke from his lips, and he fell, striking against the iron stanchion and making the deep gash to be found on his head. Ralph Crampton had called, but no one had answered, and after a gasp or two Mr. Gordon had ceased to breathe. Certainly no one believed this for an instant. Nobody would receive such a solu-

tion when one more complicated was at hand. A knife had been found in the pool of blood on the floor, whether having slipped with the wallet from Mr. Gordon's pocket as he fell, or secured and secreted for this purpose by the prisoner, remained doubtful. In that wallet, by the way, besides sundry bills and memoranda, was the little faded note that Miss Helen had brought him upon the morning the ring was lost.

Of course Ralph Crampton was arraigned for murder. He had received a pardon before the expiration of his term and had refused it; this went against him. His declaration in court ten years ago that he would yet have Mr. Gordon's life bore additional weight. The reputation acquired by the mere fact of his situation was unhappy; and then the crowning occurrences! nothing could be plainer. The only extenuating circumstance was the well-known irascibility of Mr. Gordon, and on a plea occasioned by this, of possibly justifiable homicide, a death-sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment for life. The Judge declared in his charge that if the ring which was the origin of the first difficulty, could have been found or rightly accounted for, his story would deserve credit, and the presumption would be in favor of his innocence; an event which did not happen. This is now forty-two years since. A long sad night to spend between stone walls.

After my uncle's death, Miss Helen, whose heart had warmed in a flame of doubt and hope, sunk to the whiteness of the ash that such flames make. I need not go through all her trial and experience. Gray hairs crowned her early, and in all her long life, for she was over seventy now, the saintly calm she won in suffering did not once desert her.

It was just after a fine October sunset that I came out of Miss Helen's. Miss Lucinda, arranging tea-caddy and cake-basket, had given us space for the oft-repeated recountal of her cruel little romance. 'And so, my dear,' said the sweet old lady, 'you see I wear no rings!' But as Miss Helen held out her hand for me to kiss, I truly declare that in the faint light, as if a little snake of dim blue fire had coiled round it, I saw the likeness of a ring on her bent finger; a ring of light set with seven jewels; and for a second the finger tapered white and plump and round as when once before it wore it. I smiled at myself, and went out into the keen, frosty air; keen and frosty enough it was to dissipate any such ridiculous notion.

As I closed the little wicket, a sudden flare of gas half-way down the long street made me remember the mail, and thinking there might be a letter from cousin Harry, I sought the office. A letter there was, sure enough, in the box. I waited till some one else was served, then tapped on the number and presented myself. As the post-master put the letter into my hand I noticed a queer look in his eyes. He thinks

it's a love-letter, thought I; pshaw! but I noticed moreover that he lifted it with the very tips of his fingers. No sooner had I got into the open air again than it gave a little crackle as if I had broken the seal, but on turning it there was no seal to be found; and it was too dark to read the superscription, which I had neglected to do by the office-light. So I walked along, thinking about Miss Helen and the weather and little odds and ends, till I passed a field adjoining some one's house, where all the family were out merrily burning the stubble. Little piles were perpetually starting into blaze over the whole place, and the figures as they flitted to-and-fro, bearing bundles for the central conflagration or raking new heaps for fresh flames, seemed like those of the mountain witches with Rubezahl busy at some devilish employ. All around the voices of children, and gay snatches of song, broken suddenly at the singer's whim, wove an arabesque of sound that in the early night with its darkness and eager cold and half-guessed outlines, was full of dim suggestion and bewitching fancy. Resting my chin on the fence, I looked over; but after a while hurried on again. And now I felt a sensation in my hand as if the letter that I was clutching stung it; I thought I must be holding it by a corner: not at all, it lay uncrumpled across my palm; perhaps there was a thorn in my glove, so I pulled it off and trudged along. Once or twice looking down, I fancied that as it lay in my bare hand it diffused a faint luminousness all about it, a light as unpleasant to look at as galvanic wires are to hold and feel. And all of a sudden, as I stepped into the house, this mysterious letter gave a little sparkle and then lay as quiet and demure in my hand as if it were the most properly conducted letter in the world. I did not believe my own eyes, thought I was whimsical, was ashamed of an odd notion that I had brought some one or something into the house with me, and went and took off my things before entering the parlor. Mother was sitting by the fire, not having lit the lamp, and tea was waiting. 'Any letters, Frances?' asked she.

Now mother knew I was going to Miss Helen's, and that I scarcely ever went to the office. Tim, our man, always went, and what could have possessed her to ask this question!

'Yes, mother,' I said, 'one.'

'I thought so,' she said.

'I'm sure we have n't such a voluminous correspondence that you needed to,' I replied, getting nettled.

'Let me see it,' she demanded peremptorily.

'Nonsense, mother, it's for me. At least — no, it is n't — it is n't for any one; there's no superscription!'

'Let me see it, child,' repeated my mother. She held it up between her and the fire, and there appeared a faint 'Miss Frances Gordon.'



She returned it, and in a minute, all expectation and eagerness, I had opened it. I spread the sheet out on my knee and smoothed it with my hand. It was just as innocent of any writing as a fresh ream.

‘There’s nothing in it!’ I cried, extremely crest-fallen.

Mother snatched it from me, put on her spectacles — she had just began to use spectacles — held it this way and that, below and above the coals, and at last exclaimed:

‘Yes, there is! See here.’

I looked over her shoulder and saw, very clear and distinct, though not dark, written in a hand apparently unaccustomed to the pen, these words:

‘SIX × SEVEN.’

‘Six multiplied into seven?’ said mother. ‘What nonsense is this?’

‘Six times seven?’ cried I. ‘How absurd!’

She turned the letter, refolded, reopened it; still the three words stared her in the face; she rubbed her eyes, and muttered: ‘What does it mean?’

‘It means mischief, mother,’ I answered.

‘I do n’t know what we’ve got to do with six times seven,’ continued mother, querulously. ‘I’ve heard of seventy times seven, but this is ——’

‘Six times seven are forty-two,’ said I. ‘My uncle was just forty-two when his marriage was broken off with Miss Helen. It’s just forty-two years since he died.’

‘Lor, child, you’re always thinking of your Uncle Noll. Do let him rest in peace!’

‘I’m sure I hope he is resting in peace, and not up writing letters to bother us.’

‘Tsh! The only letter your Uncle Noll ever had any interest in was Miss Helen’s, and it’s not likely that she invited a friend to her wedding by merely writing six times seven.’

‘No; and I’ve seen her letter besides, you know.’

‘Frances!’ exclaimed my mother, at length, ‘there’s no trusting you. I’ve long had my suspicions — you are so flighty. Is n’t — this — letter — an — assignation?’

‘Oh! my, mother, who with?’

‘That is of no consequence.’

‘No one would be happier than I at such an idea; but dear, no, it’s an utter impossibility here, you know.’

‘Why, I should like to ——’

‘First place I do n’t know any body, and next place there is n’t any body to know.’

‘Six times seven,’ she repeated dreamily, ‘six times seven,’ and here

my mother looked at the letter that hung flaccidly in her hand. Every trace of the writing had vanished; there was nothing on the page but a white glister. Mother turned and twisted it again, till finally, 'Here it is!' she cried, and there it was.

'It's witchcraft!' said I.

'It's nitrate of silver,' said she.

'Do ghosts write with that kind of ink?' I asked.

'How provoking you are, Frances. Your head is so ——'

'Is it Uncle Noll's handwriting?'

'It is your cousin Harry's caper, that's what it is!' she replied, 'and we have wasted our wits for nothing. Ring the bell, my dear, I've waited tea nearly an hour.' Therewith my mother tossed the missive aside with contempt and proceeded to light the solar. Mr. Buttrick and mother's lawyer, Judge Vansyckle, came in just after the tea-things were removed, and we played solemn games of whist till eleven o'clock, when they retired.

The next day passed at length; we were preserving plums and making peach-jelly. When it grew dark I felt as if it were a matter of necessity that I should go to the post again, and taking a dish of the plums I left them at Miss Helen's and ran along. Sure enough, there was another letter in the box. The post-master gave it to me with the same odd look and dainty gesture as before.

'Who put that letter in last night?' I questioned.

'Don't know, Miss Gordon,' was the response, 'found it there. Clerk could tell, but he's gone to tea.'

Just then the clerk returned, but as I expected, remembered nothing about either letter, so I went home.

'Mother,' I said, not waiting to take off my things this time, 'here's another letter.'

'Goodness, child,' my mother retorted very peevishly, 'what do I want with your letters?'

So I opened it myself, found it blank of course, and then holding it to the fire produced after a time, as before, the magic words:

'SIX X SEVEN.'

'Well, what is in it, Frances?' said my mother. 'Why don't you answer, child! And make haste and put away your bonnet and shawl; the room is all at sixes and sevens. Come, what are you standing there dreaming of? What is *in* the letter?'

'Six times seven,' shouted the starling from his cage, having conned his last night's lesson to advantage.

'Beshrew the thing!' cried mother. 'Well, why don't you answer?'

'One answer's enough.'

'Give me the letter.' She took it, adjusted her glasses, and examined it as she had done the other. 'Two of them,' she murmured, 'and both say the same thing, and that is ——'

'Six times seven,' uttered a third voice, hollow and spectral, and distant though close by, interposed as she lingered loth to repeat the words. Far from being laughable, it curdled my blood.

'Eh?' said my mother.

'It was n't I that spoke, mother,' I said, in a whisper.

'What do you say! Who was it then? Who are you? Show yourself!' And my mother, angry and frightened, threw the letter on the floor and seized the poker. I was too greatly awed by that low, mysterious, bodiless voice, that thing that through neither shape nor touch filled and overflowed the room with fear — too much benumbed to smile.

'Look, mother,' I said, and pointed at the mirror; there on the dark-blue surface of the glass the same mystic characters started to light, SIX X SEVEN.

'Are you sure that was in the letter?' mother murmured. 'Where is it?' She turned to pick it up from where she had tossed it; it was not there. 'Did you see where I threw that thing, Frances?' she said.

'No.'

'Where is the one that came yesterday, then?'

'I don't know.'

'Don't stare that way, child! You drive me crazy. Speak!'

'Did n't you light the lamp with it last night?' I managed to say.

'Not I. Ring the bell for Jane; I'll see if she swept it out.'

But Jane was ignorant as we, and left us in the room alone again, and to this day it remains an enigma. It is impossible to say where they went; I do not know where they went; we never saw those two letters again. I stepped to close the door after Jane — she always left one open — it snatched itself from my hold and slammed violently, and then, before recovering from the surprise I heard a sound like a stifled moan from mother. I turned instantly, and found the room full of flakes of spongy light that coagulated, and grew, and stained the whole air with a singular glow. It stole up from the corners, down from the ceiling, tended principally toward the north-east portion of the room, and hung like a brilliant cloud above us; while we stared aghast, it fell and wrapped us with clinging mists of brightness; in it the lamp-light was drowned, mother became an outline, the coal-fire only a red spot, and this chill, deathly substance slowly settled round us, as if we had stepped into a grave-light with all its nauseating filth. It was impossible to strip it off, to evade it; I was rooted, powerless, all individuality was lost; I felt as if I were fast melting into this

sickly, terrifying, absorbing vapor. I tried to speak, but could not utter a sound; I was cold and faint, and losing consciousness. Suddenly mother shrieked. 'Oh!' she cried. 'Where are you, Frances? Come here! Why do n't you speak!' On the instant the door swung wide open again, there was a rushing sound as if all this horror were escaping, then a second slam, and there we were with the blessed, bountiful lamp-light glistening over the urn and china, and on mother's dear face paler than marble. Mother shook her shoulders a little, untied her cap-strings, tied them again and pulled out the bows, wiped her spectacles, and took up the evening paper. I crept toward the fire, contrived to get a vinaigrette from the mantle-shelf, and sat down on the rug. By-and-by I saw that mother was n't reading the paper.

'Mother, this house is haunted,' I accordingly whispered.

'Be quiet, child,' she retorted, angrily, taking off her spectacles. 'Do n't let me hear any such nonsense from your lips; you've had a little faint turn, that's all; you are quite recovered. Tell Jane to bring in the toast and we'll have tea.'

For the life of me I could n't have stirred, so mother did her own errand. 'You won't go down to the evening mail any more, Frances,' said she, coming back from the door; 'it is getting too cold and damp, and is n't good for you.' Thereupon she pulled the table nearer the fire and seated herself. It was very seldom that we had company at tea, and Jane always set the table for only two, when not ordered otherwise. Now why she had put on a third plate and knife and fork and napkin, I am sure I do n't know, or if she had; but there it was, and as I took my seat, another chair, an empty one, slipped from the corner and drew near the table. That was bad enough, but as the chair approached, the table retired, moved decidedly toward the opposite corner.

'Help me, Frances!' exclaimed mother, seizing it, but you might as well have stopped an engine by a touch. Mother caught her fork to throw it at the invisible adversary, but as if such exertion of her will had been sufficient, the table paused; the chair had already reached it. Determined not to be balked, mother proceeded to pour out a cup of tea and pass it to me; as I took it, my hand was irresistibly drawn across the table, the cup trembled and spilled half its contents into the saucer, and as I set it down where I was compelled, beside the third plate, the rest ran over the cloth.

'There's two of them,' I whispered hoarsely.

'Do n't repeat such absurdity,' replied mother sharply, resolved not to be convinced, 'and hand me the cup and saucer again. I believe you've lost your wits.'

'I believe I have, mother,' I answered.



'Do n't be silly,' was the patronizing order this time; 'and give me the cup.' I extended my hand for it, but could as easily have lifted the Iron Mountain.

'What are you about, Frances!' exclaimed mother, bent upon altercation. 'How many times must I ask for that cup and saucer before I get it?'

'Six times seven,' enunciated that spectral tone, hollow and low, not at all responsively, but rather as an admonition, and coming up apparently from every side, so indistinguishable was its source, and so much did its volume seem to surround us.

'I will have that starling's neck wrung!' cried mother.

'It was n't the starling, mother.'

'How do you know it was n't the starling? And if it was n't the starling, who was it? I repeat, Frances, if it was n't the starling, who was it?'

Mother was losing her temper, so I rose, took down the cage from its nail, and held it in her sight; the little bird, all his feathers ruffled with fright, lay stiff on the sanded floor. Its atom of life was not enough to resist the deathfulness of that cloud of light that so recently filled the room.

'You are always a bird of ill omen, Frances. Just like your poor father: if he could n't have good news to tell, he 'd tell bad — indeed he preferred bad. There, ring the bell if you do n't want any more tea, and have the table cleared.' Upon which she flew round and spent her efforts endeavoring to revive the bird, finally with success, for the poor thing stirred, dipped his bill in the warm food, and after a time gave a faint chirp. Then mother hung up the cage and took her paper again, maintaining rigid silence for more than an hour.

'The house *is* haunted, mother,' I said, as I sat opposite her, by-and-by.

'Haunted! By whom?' as if willing to entertain the proposition now.

'Uncle Noll.'

'I really think the girl's demented!' said mother. 'It would be high time of day for him to come back after being dead and buried these forty years!'

'Six times seven are forty-two, mother; just forty-two years this fall.'

'Goodness, Frances! Do n't I hear those words enough without your dinning them through my ears?'

'What *do* you think they mean?'

'Mean? How do I know. But if I hear any more of it, I'll just have in Mr. Barker' — that was our minister — 'and Judge Vansyckle to sift the matter.'

‘And make us the laughing-stock of the whole town!’

‘I’m not afraid of ridicule, and I am afraid of ——’

‘Ghosts?’

‘Who said any thing about ghosts? Your mind is so full of trash! Do you suppose there’s a White Lady of Avenel in every old house? No, if it is n’t a trick, it is some of this electrical phenomena that every one is dabbling in; if people had let it alone it would n’t have come to this pass!’

‘You do n’t think it is Cousin Harry’s pranks then?’

‘I do n’t know; the letters may have been. Where can those letters be, Frances? Are you sure there were any? Have n’t we been dreaming?’

‘Nightmares in daytime then. How absurd, mother! I should think some one else was demented.’

‘Remember to whom you are speaking, if you please.’

‘It’s very odd, I think, that Jane and Tim are n’t troubled,’ I resumed after a pause; ‘that it is all confined to this room ——’

‘Or where *you* are. I should n’t wonder if you were that thing they call a mejum,’ said my mother, turning up her nose with a sniff and a little attempt at satire. ‘I’ll have the Doctor to-morrow and see. There, read your book, and let me have a little peace.’

We had a dreadful evening, neither of us spoke any more, and we both tried to keep our eyes on the page; but novels come to an end, and so at last, not having comprehended a syllable, I read the word *Finis* of ‘*Afraja*,’ and shut the book. Mother was nodding in her chair; I went and locked the doors, lit my candle, kissed her, and was very soon curled in my little bed in my own room, having left mother in hers. No sooner had the chill of my nest worn off than I was startled by a perfectly inexplicable noise. There was a strange clicking sound down-stairs, echoing through the lonely halls and rooms, a light tap, and sharp, quick, regular beat, as if one were measuring over and over again every inch of moulding and mop-board in the breakfast-parlor, with a two-foot rule. I knew there was nobody in the house, perhaps mother did n’t hear, and so hoping she did n’t, though my heart was beating in time with this mysterious knocking, I lay down again, tried not to hear, and began to hum myself to sleep. But do all I might, I could not help stopping every now and then to listen if the noise had stopped too. There it rapped on steadily through the night and the stillness with a horrid monotony and indifference. At length, the last time, I failed to detect it, and the old tranquillity reigned once more. By-and-by the fear faded and drowsiness set in. I was just in that dreamy state from which you awake falling down unknown depths, when I instantly sprang up in bed, roused by a second peculiar and unaccountable occurrence. I had not actually heard a syllable murmured,

but it seemed that more distinctly than any sound could have articulated them, those terrible words had filled my ear: SIX × SEVEN.

If a voice had really and audibly broken the silence when I knew I was alone, it would not have been so horrifying as this unspoken but perfectly recognized sentence addressed so powerfully to some spiritual sense. I was perfectly sure that some phantom, some creature, or power, had saluted me. It was a night of still frost out-doors, I knew, quiet and cloudy; no light of moon or stars, not a breath stirred any bough, not a red leaf fluttered in the darkness to the sodden ground; but now, leaning on my elbow and looking about the room, I found it filled with an atmosphere like moonshine, pallid and lucid; through it the long muslin curtains swayed, the snowy toilet-covers waved, the little mirror gleamed; all at once it went out, and then, as if a giant had taken the old house in his grasp and shaken it, the walls thrilled from their foundation with sharp tremulous vibrations, every pane in every window rattled and clattered, and stroke followed stroke on the north-east corner of the house with loud malignity and diabolical swiftness. Knock after knock, as if some fiend swung ponderous hammers about his restless forge. Trembling, and covered with a cold perspiration, I hid my head in the blankets, and whether I fainted or slept cannot tell, only when I woke it was broad day, and Jane had just brought the warm water into my room.

‘Did n’t you hear a dreadful noise last night, Jane?’ I asked.

‘Oh! yes, Miss. Tim an’ I says to each other, sez we, we guessed it was an earthquake or something.’

‘Very likely.’

‘Ye’d best hurry yourself, Miss Frances; there’s abody downstairs would like to see you. Maybe ye’ll be down before your ma.’ And herewith Jane took her empty pail and her departure.

In about twenty minutes, shivering and blue, I ran down to the cosy breakfast-room, where a bright coal fire was already glittering, and a cheerful warmth diffusing itself sufficiently to compensate for all last night’s chills and terrors. As I opened the door, who should start to his feet, overthrowing the chair, and then staying to pick it up instead of coming to greet me, but Cousin Harry. In a minute more he caught my frozen hands.

‘Cold as ice, or as mine,’ he said. ‘Come here to the fire and warm them, puss. And then tell me about these confounded letters.’

‘Yes, tell me about them, Harry,’ I answered.

‘Tell *you* about them? What shall I tell, except that I received them?’

‘You received them, Harry?’

‘Yes, and now what did you send them for?’

‘I did n’t send them.’

‘Did n’t send them?’

‘I do n’t understand. I send those letters to you? No! But did n’t you send them to me?’

‘What in heaven’s name are you talking about? Have you, too, had any letters containing just three words, and those ——’

‘Six times seven,’ shouted the starling in his cage.

‘Curse the bird!’ cried Harry, running his hands through his hair and commencing to walk the room.

‘Willingly, if you’ll only explain yourself,’ I replied.

‘Well, listen then: I have received two letters, from which at first I could make nothing, and then deciphered the words ——’

‘Six,’ began the starling. I threw a veil over the cage. ‘Times seven,’ concluded I. ‘Well, and did that bring you here?’

‘Why, I could only decide that you must be in some trouble.’

‘Harry, I can’t believe you got any such thing.’

‘Can’t believe it? Why here they are, look at them; these are the very letters. Perhaps ocular demonstration will satisfy the Court ——’

‘Every thing seems so wild and absurd, that — are you sure?’

‘Sure?’ he asked. ‘What should make me sure? Why, look here while I get them out; here they are, I brought them with me! These are the very letters!’ and with the utmost confidence at this juncture, Harry thrust his hand into his breast-pocket. ‘Wait a moment,’ said he, ‘I—they are in the other.’ Thereupon he felt in another receptacle, slapped it vigorously, and repeated the operation in both pockets, but of course with no results. Neither were the letters forthcoming from the skirts of his coat. ‘I could n’t have left them in my cloak,’ he muttered, and stepped into the entry, ransacked the article in question, and tore the lining out of his travelling-cap. He came back with a low whistle of discomfiture. ‘By George!’ said he, ‘I can’t be sure! The letters are gone. Let me see yours.’

‘I told you that they too disappeared.’

Another low whistle.

‘And what’s this about the knocking on the corner there? Jane said it was an earthquake.’

I described it as well as I was able, for at the remembrance my teeth chattered, and if it had not been for a plantation of hair-pins my hair would have stood on end.

‘Do you know,’ said he, interrupting me once and stopping suddenly in his walk, ‘that as we were thundering along in the cars last night at just that time, I heard the self-same noise, but took it for a part of the inevitable jar and joggle of journeys?’

When I finished, Harry came to my side at the fire; a queer look



sobered his face slowly. 'Where's Aunt Katie?' he asked with an effort to be careless. 'Is n't it rather late for her to be up-stairs?'

I caught his meaning directly. 'O Harry!' I cried. 'You don't think ——'

Just then the door opened, and looking pale as though she had n't slept a wink, mother made her appearance. She welcomed Harry as if he were a guardian angel, and plunged into the mysteries at once.

'I went for my letters as the fox went for his goose, Aunt Katie,' said he, concluding all he had to say, 'and the goose was n't there.'

'It is the very work of Satan!' she commented.

'We must get to the bottom of it,' said Harry, 'be it mitching mallecho or what not.'

'Let us breakfast first,' interposed I. 'Do n't you smell the old Java, Harry? It seems just like one of those frosty mornings when we were children here together.'

'You like those old times, Fanny?' he asked, as mother went to make the repast a little more sumptuous in honor of the guest.

'Fine weather, fine health, and fine company, make any time pleasant.'

'All which you have this morning.'

'O Harry! I shall be so frightened again when you are gone! If you would only stay a little ——'

'I should like to stay forever,' said Cousin Harry, putting a hand on my shoulder, 'if you would give me leave.'

But here mother came back, followed by Jane with a tray of unexpected commodities, so I did n't need to answer Cousin Harry, and we had breakfast. Harry was amusing himself balancing all the spoons within his reach, like so many silver Ravens and Blondins, when I whirled round the lees in my tea-cup three times — mother wouldn't let me have coffee, because I was nervous — and gave them to mother to read my fortune in. She made a quick exclamation and dropped the cup. Fortunately I caught it and searched it eagerly, while Harry came and looked over me. There, written as plainly as tea-grounds could write, were the mysterious and now truly terrible words:

'SIX X SEVEN.'

'Heavens!' said my mother, 'has it begun again?'

'It's high time to investigate the affair,' said Harry with a laugh.

'You won't laugh after dark, Sir,' said I.

'Or will laugh at the other side of my mouth? No — really though, what does six by seven mean? Does it mean that this garden ground is six rods wide by seven deep, and that you'll make your fortune, Aunt Katie, by selling it in strips? or that you are to take six paces one way in this room, and seven in another, which will bring you to a

spot where Uncle Noll buried untold gold? If it were six feet by two, now, the interpretation would not be so difficult. Can it allude to Sixth-street or Seventh in Philadelphia, or Sixth Avenue and Seventh in New-York, or to the years since Uncle Noll's death and Crampton's imprisonment? I'll tell you what, Fanny, I mean to try and get that fellow out.'

'Fellow! He 's a patriarch! He 'll be too old to care, Harry — three-score-and-ten —'

'Well, I 'll care; some body ought to. I do n't believe he killed Mr. Oliver Gordon any more than that I did, I who was the babe unborn at that period. Two precious firebrands they were! Six to one and —'

'Six times,' commenced the starling.

'Well, we 'll say seven to the other, maybe, and so are thrown back on that infernal topic. It 's of no use travelling in this circle.'

'Come Harry, do n't trifle,' said mother.

'Let me consider, Aunt Katie,' he said, rubbing his finger over his mustache. 'Do these talismanic syllables refer to the fact that yesterday was the sixth and to-day the seventh of October; or to your ancient belief, that the seventh hen — old Speckle, is she eaten? — has hidden a nest of six eggs in the hay-mow, said nest being really a mare's nest; or to the intersection of the sixth and seventh arches down cellar, where we shall find the skeleton of a nun once walled up alive, or —'

'How provoking you are, child!' said mother. 'How can you play so?'

'There, Auntie, I won't. It is my private suspicion that that rum old cove —'

'What!'

'A trillion pardons; that Uncle Noll and his secretary and the ring and so on, are mixed up in this affair. Now —'

'Six,' cried the starling in a burst not to be any longer repressed. 'Si-i-x six ti-i-imes!'

'Now, can the words from the onus of whose pronunciation Monsieur Tonson so kindly relieves us, can they have any connection with, for instance, the seventh pigeon-hole from this corner of the secretary here to the sixth from that; or with some hour in the dial-plate, there to be indicated by counting seven spaces one way and six another; or with that little six-by-seven-inch silhouette hanging yonder in the north-east corn —'

Suddenly, while the gay mocker spoke, the air of the whole room became dark and hot, dark as night, so that we could not see each other's faces, and hot with a dry crackling oven-heat that was parching and painful to the last degree. It endured only one breathless

second, then a loud report like a pistol-shot split it, and in a flash the room was clear and sweet again, but the little six-by-seven-inch silhouette had fallen from the nail and lay upon the floor. Harry sprang toward it, I followed, holding back my gown, lest it should touch the thing. Mother stood up, leaning over the table. Harry raised it carefully, a small whirlwind of black dust nestled on his fingers, two of the tacks, just loosened again, had fallen with it, and the little thin back-board came apart in his hands. As it did so, something slid from between the picture and the board, dropped, and rolled along the floor. I hesitated an instant, and then picked it up — a ring of tarnished red gold, set with seven costly diamonds solidly mounted in silver. Miss Helen's ring.

'And Crampton was innocent!' said I.

An ominous stillness filled the room, our great pity for bitter injustice, and, as it were, the inarticulate acquiescence of whatever had been tormenting us but was to torment us no more.

'Is innocent,' repeated Harry, looking on the floor.

We scarcely heeded a little bustle in the front-entry just then, till the door softly opened again and Miss Helen entered. How very white and thin her sweet face was! My mother ran to her. 'You will faint, Miss Helen!' she cried. 'Sit down, while I make some sangaree. How came you out so early? And after such a frost!'

She obeyed, but still looked at Harry. 'What were you saying, Master Harry?' she asked. He delayed an instant, then: 'That Ralph Crampton is innocent,' he answered deprecatingly.

'Was innocent, you mean,' she added. 'I had a letter from the Warden this morning. He had asked to have me told when it should happen. Ralph Crampton is dead; he died day before yesterday, at half-past five.'

Harry and I glanced at each other with startled eyes; we remembered the hour when we each received the first letter. I did not know whether to show the ring or not; mother nodded, so I went to Miss Helen and sat down on her footstool. 'Miss Helen,' I said, 'when you lost your ring you were playing with that silhouette. Did it never occur to you that it might have slipped in between? To-day the silhouette fell down and broke, and your ring escaped from prison.'

'Yes, it was mine,' she murmured, holding it in the palm of her hand and touching it here and there caressingly. 'My dear, all its bane is lost, the sin it caused expiated; it is clean through all these years of patience and resignation, and suffering that had its joy too; blessings not curses must go with it now; or else I should not dare — Here, Master Harry, will you take so old-fashioned a trinket?' and she dropped it into his hand, as he half knelt on one

knee beside me. Harry raised my hand and slipped the ring upon the first finger. 'Is that what you meant, Miss Helen?' he asked.

'Right!' was her brief reply, with a sudden smile while bending to kiss me. 'God bless you, dear,' she murmured, and drew back slowly; and then we were all quite still.

In a few minutes mother returned with the sangaree. 'I have made it rather strong,' she said, 'because you must be cold. It is some old wine of Mr. Gordon's. I think it is called *Lacryma Christi*.' My mother carried the glass playfully to Miss Helen's lips, as she sat inclining her head forward; then with a quick motion seized the limp hanging hand. Stepping hastily, she set the glass on the table, came back and knelt beside the chair, while we wondered in silence, and lifting a reverential hand, gently closed the vacant eyes.

Miss Helen had passed from dream to life stately and fair and peaceful: she was dead.

---

#### THE POET'S LOVE.

O LOVE! I hope to win a name  
That endless time shall lessen not,  
For all the universe a-flame,  
Glow in the fervor of my thought;  
And my swift fancy comes and goes,  
A splendor robed in light divine,  
And like an ocean, ebbs and flows  
This boundless poet-heart of mine.

For me, the flowers their perfumes keep,  
For me the stars their choral-chants;  
And if I wake or if I sleep,  
Beauty, the mystery that pants  
For the embrace of strength, is near,  
To me unveils her pensive face,  
And smiles upon me without fear,  
In many a lone and darksome place.

And deeper are the fires of day,  
And deeper are the glooms of night,  
That opening inward, far away  
Unfold to mine anointed sight;  
And it is thine, to say to me,  
Which I shall take for my abode,  
Infinite bliss or misery,  
The pit of Hell, the throne of God.

## PHYSICAL DECLINE OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, M.D.

IN the present article we shall depart from the beaten track, worn by the measured feet of fervid orators never weary in praising the charms of lovely woman; her grace of form, her springing step, her glowing cheek, her sparkling eye, her sweet smile irradiating every action. We shall leave poetry for fact, and shall forget woman as she was; and in no sounding periods shall attempt to tell why woman, instead of being as above described, is a haggard creature, dull-eyed and sallow, pinched in form, an unfit mother, not a help-meet, but a drag on the energy, spirits and resolution of her partner in life. We shall not attempt to consider women as an angel, and to solve the great *questio vexata*, 'why she was born without wings.' We shall not even consider her in her æsthetic and intellectual sphere, but in the most ungallant manner we shall class her among ichthyosauri and pachydermata, among bovine and feline, among milleped, polyped and quadruped, and proceed to hold her up for inspection as a simple biped, an animal, and shall then leave the theme for individual reflection.

Our theme then is the 'Causes of the Present Physical Decline of Woman.' We read in the Old Testament in the fifth chapter of Genesis, 'In the days that God created man, in the likeness of God made HE him—male and female created HE them, and blessed them and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created.' With the exception of the biblical account of the construction of woman out of the rib of Adam, taken from him when asleep, certainly not easily to be comprehended in its full meaning—we have no statement respecting the early character of woman. 'Male and female created HE them,' certainly does not imply that any physical difference existed between the sexes as regards strength, endurance, or capacity, either bodily or mentally. We surely cannot infer that any such difference should or does exist naturally. True, indeed it is, that in man and many animals, birds, and perhaps other specimens of animated life, the male is larger than the female, but in proportion to its size we do not recognize any diversity of physical force. In the want of any statement to that effect respecting man, we have undoubtedly a just right to reason by analogy, and we can find no lack of comparative vigor in the sexes of any animals. The lioness, the tigress, the female



bear, etc., are in no wise inferior in vigor to the male, save as they may or not be different in size. The cow is in many lands worked like the ox, with no marked contrast when of equal size and weight. The mare is not judged one whit less muscular or robust than the horse. Why then is it that the woman is physically inferior to the man?

IS WOMAN INFERIOR TO MAN?

To this we answer, she is not inferior, naturally. We will prove this by the females of past days, by the women of Jerusalem, Rome, Greece, concerning whom history gives us abundant details respecting their life, manners, dress, and the like. Is it possible that where these matters are spoken of with so much minuteness, by so astute a sanitary law-giver as Moses, by so thoroughly educated physicians as Hippocrates or Galen, such philosophers as Aristotle and Pliny, any such difference would have been forgotten? Is it probable that Sophocles, Euripides, Catullus, Juvenal, Ovid, and other painters of the domestic manners of their times, should have neglected so great diversities in the physical capacities of the sexes, such as we now observe, if they actually existed?

Neither do we find any such record of the physical inferiority of woman to her lord and master recorded in the writings of later days. Pope, who loved to have his fling at the pampered women of the court and the licentious women of the town no more than the writers of any other stamp of the same period, makes no charges of a natural weakness of the animal woman. No record of this kind is made by the historians of the colonists of the various settlements in America, whether Dutch, English, French or Spanish.

Finally, the Indian women of this country, when unexposed to the damning influences of civilization upon the animal economy, are *pari passu* equal to the man, enduring cold, hardships, and more labor than the man with equal results. Dr. Livingstone, in his travels in South-Africa, while he recognizes the existence of female diseases among the women, does not note any physical inferiority of the women to the men. I am also informed by gentlemen of extensive experience among the slaves of the South, that the muscular vigor of the men and women among the field-hands is not markedly different, unless when abused while carrying children or being forced to hard work too speedily after their lying-in.

Now, what is the recognizable difference in the lot of woman from the past to the present, between the savage and the civilized? Her lot is said to be ameliorated. From being considered a pet and inferior to man, she is now considered a pet and equal to man. As a pet, she is carefully guarded and not allowed to do any thing, so far

as this is possible. The rich being able to effect this end, their women are all sick, the poor comparatively so. The whole sex are being killed by kindness.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF THE SEXES CONTRASTED.

LET us take the actual condition of the rich child of different sexes in this city of New-York, and looking at them, let us see if there is any wonder that they are sickly, miserable, and inferior in physical force to what they should be, and why the female is constantly, after they each can walk alone, far below the male even in his imperfect physical development.

So long as children are infants, wearing the same dress, their exposures are the same, but as soon as the boy leaves his cumbersome garments, the swaddling-clothes, which must be kept 'fit to be seen,' the distinction begins. The right of woman 'to be free and equal' with man will come with a Declaration of Independence which shall strip off the fetters of petticoats and the gilded meshes of lace which have so long bound down the gentler sex.

For a short period the rich boy is little benefited by the change of attire. The shape of his garments do indeed give liberty to the limbs and play to the muscles, but the exigencies of rich velvet jackets, silken trowsers, and white shirts, with their lace '*fret work*' of frills and furbelows, require him to be constantly guarded, and the natural ebullitions of his animal life restrained by imported bog-trotters, educated to know what dirt is, or by a more fashionable *bonne d'enfant*, who unites to her duties instruction in the freedom of Parisian morals with the restraints of French manners.

Soon the American boy is beyond the demoralizing influences of Hyperion curls which have so long fed the sickly vanity of his enervated mother. His velvet cap, which he so recklessly offered to his friends to be 'pegged at' with tops, has given place to one of meaner stuff, and in games of ball, tag, and the like he neither 'respects his cloth' himself nor exacts regard for it from others. Witness the impetuosity with which those boys in yonder retired street rush in friendly strife after the 'shinny ball;' hear their full-mouthed cry. Does not the air permeate the lungs to their farthest cranny, leaving no portion of their tissue full of stagnant blood? Are not the pores of their skins opened to the free out-pouring of the waste of the body? No matter if the foolish parents stuff their stomachs with improper food, if nature can thus have a full opportunity to get rid of it.

We may speedily follow the boy in his career through life, and while we find him free from the bad effects of tobacco and alcoholic stimulants, engaged in out-of-door exercise, even while breathing the air of a city thronged by near a million souls, and most imperfectly at-

tended, to by the authorities in its sanitary matters, yet we find the man comparatively vigorous. Debility and disease commence with the boy confined over his book in illy-ventilated school-rooms, neglecting healthy exercise for the ambition of literary superiority; or in our own city, most frequently bent over a ledger. It is worthy of note, that there is scarcely a single well-ventilated private counting-room in New-York, and most of the bank-rooms are little better. The New-York merchant changes his badly-heated house for his worse-heated counting-room, not by the healthy walk from one to the other, but by the locomotion of a crowded, shut-up omnibus or car. Is it strange that the health of the business-men of this city is deteriorating; that gout, dyspepsia, and all chronic diseases, in addition to consumptions, erroneously supposed to be the only malady engendered by want of exercise and bad air, are greatly on the increase?

But although the physical stamina of the men is not what it might be, it is far superior to that of the women, to whom we will again turn. We will start with the girl who has kept pace with her brother until the date of his assumption of breeches and their inalienable privileges. We feel that we are treating upon a delicate subject, and we beg our readers to attend to the general idea, rather than to any peculiar form of expression, or to any particular illustration, about which there may be more than one opinion.

So soon as the sex of the child is made evident by any outward manifestations or dress, so soon does the bodily degeneracy commence. The child is then considered as an ornament, in the present or the future. The respectability of the mother is dependent upon the immaculate purity of its worked pantalettes and under-clothing—no mud-pies for you, my dear, after this. ‘Julia, my dear, or Julia, you awful freckle-face, you *must* put on your flat, and be sure and keep out of the sun,’ that is, go into the damp shade, till you grow up like a potato-sprout in the cellar, white and semi-vitalized. ‘But Julia, I see the wind is blowing. Wind is horrible for freckles; you can’t go out to-day.’ To-morrow it is, ‘Clementina Angelica, it is too damp for you to go out.’ ‘But, mother, George is out playing!’ ‘Yes, George is a great boy.’

Soon Julia and Clementina Angelica go to a fashionable boarding-school, where they learn to play a polka, crochet, and the like; and for health, walk up and down Broadway twice a week in a procession the principal use of which is its serving as an advertisement of Madame X——’s school.

Look at the dress of woman. Were man to so direct the fashion of woman’s dress, in order to enable him by physical force to overcome her and tyrannize over her, he could not more completely fetter her than she shackles herself. Her sleeves are placed so low down upon

the waist that she is unable to raise her hands to the top of her head or use them freely in any direction; her limbs are restrained in their motions by a profusion of flowing skirts, and her breathing interrupted by lacings or corsets, which displace the organs and slowly destroy life. It is in vain, however, to hope for any relief from the tyranny of fashion. Were these injuries caused by any edict of church or state, long ere this they would have been abrogated. Against the decrees of fashion there is no appeal. We must therefore seek for other evils more curable.

POPULAR REASONS FOR WOMAN'S INFIRMITIES.

HUDIBRAS well said of men, what is especially applicable to women at the present time, in their attention to matters of health; they

'COMPOUND for sins that they're inclined to  
By damning those they have no mind to.'

They say that the reason of their condition is, that they are the ills consequent upon maternity; that it is the formation of the modern houses; that they are compelled to go up too many flights of stairs; that they are heated with furnaces, etc. They say nothing of late hours, late suppers, improper clothing at parties and public places, of the bad results from the modern dances, of the want of vigorous out-of-door exercise, of illy-ventilated churches, lecture-rooms, ball-rooms, theatres. We will look at their reasons and those just given.

THE ACTUAL FACT WHEN NATURE HAS A CHANCE.

THE ills of maternity are great. The curse has come down to the present generation. But why is it magnified during the last half-century? Because woman has become a doll, to be decked and draped and carried out, instead of an active, laborious working help-meet to man. We have, within a year, had considerable experience among opera-dancers, whose occupation indeed is unfortunately not so much in the open air as might be desired, but which, in its daily study and subsequent practice requires an amount of long-continued muscular energy of the severest character, little recognized or understood by the community. Hard and protracted as this is, it was not intermitted by some, except two weeks before their lying-in and the pains of labor were in every case most notably diminished in such a manner as could be attributed solely to their peculiar labor, which gives great suppleness of limb, free play of muscle, and that happy union of power and pliability most to be desired. There is reason why the necessities of maternity in all its bearings should make woman less reliable than man for certain duties, but why exercise of these functions in the nineteenth century should be different from the same actions in the sixteenth or eighteenth century, is the question to be solved.

## POPULAR REASONS FOR THE ILL-HEALTH OF WOMEN CONSIDERED.

DOES it depend upon any peculiar feature in our domestic architecture? Do all these maladies spring from the fact that our houses contain five or six flights of stairs, one above another?

As this reason is urged by many, in all seriousness, it behooves us to answer it without any of the feelings which perhaps so preposterous a reason might excite.

First, we are willing to allow that to frequently ascend a series of flights of stairs may very probably be inconvenient and painful, and even impossible, to any one feeble or diseased in any serious manner; but it should be remembered that the old-fashioned houses had double flights of stairs, while the modern ones have the same number, but placed one above another. Then, owing to the modern conveniences for warming, lighting, watering, and the less necessities for cleaning in consequence, we do not believe that there is so much running over the house as formerly.

Next, we do not imagine that any such exercise could produce, without other ulterior causes, the local diseases complained of, for various reasons. The present women of Switzerland, who are engaged in tending sheep and goats, who follow them day after day, up one mountain-side and down another, jumping from rock to rock, running down the declivities and up the opposite steep, are not distinguished for peculiar ills, but rather for their robustness. Neither are the German market-women of Europe, who walk long distances over uneven ground, where no roads are laid out, with heavy burdens upon their heads or backs, alike when pregnant as otherwise. Nor are the servants in the very houses alluded to affected by the diseases of their mistresses, yet they run over the same stairs many times to their mistress' once.

That the great blessing of furnaces is often abused, we are ready to admit; that when improperly used they do burn up the oxygen of the air to be breathed, we know. But when properly constructed and properly managed, we believe that in no manner can a house be so healthfully heated, to say nothing of cheapness, cleanliness, and convenience. This is not the place to argue the question as might be desired; but we must be allowed to say that in general the furnace furnished to a house is too small for the work it has to perform, and in consequence it is liable to be pressed so hard as to be over-heated, or if large enough, it may, by neglect of those who have charge of it, become red-hot and thus burn up the air. It is allowed to get out of repair and leak out gas into the air-pipes. The house too, guided by the uncertain feelings of the occupant, instead of a reliable thermometer, may be over-heated generally. But it should not be forgotten



that there is no ventilator more efficient, for it constantly brings into the house the pure air of the street, which must push out the already used air in the house, to make room for it. If the air is burnt and thus rendered impure or inefficient, it will undoubtedly aggravate any disease and destroy the general health, but it can scarcely be supposed to cause the local uterine diseases alleged to spring from it, instead of the diseases of the lungs and heart, and the functions of nutrition, which are generally most affected by the impurities of the atmosphere; neither are the servants, as before said, affected like their enervated mistresses.

The deterioration of the health of females is not general, it is local, and it is not only local, it is confined in a great degree to classes even in that locality. Certain forms of the diseases peculiar to females are better understood and more easily recognized now than formerly, but this merely gives a different name to the ill-health of the sex; and it is not that certain diseases exist now which did not formerly, or are increased in proportion, but that now they are recognized whenever they exist, whereas formerly they were often mistaken or disregarded.

THE CLASSES OF WOMEN WHO SUFFER MOST.

It is the females of cities and large towns imbued with city manners and customs, where these maladies are most rife, and found only in exceptional cases among our poorer classes, who are not exposed to fashionable follies. In cities, all of the better classes of the population live not so much for themselves as for other people; more solicitous as to what Mrs. Grundy may say, than for their own comfort and health. They are constantly going somewhere at improper times and seasons and hours. So delicate in health that they cannot go out to perform any duty if the sky be a little overcast; in fact accustomed to spend the most of the time cooped up in the house, dressed perhaps too warmly, yet in the evening, no matter how stormy, freezing or tempestuous, they can ride in a coach, with head and shoulders uncovered, or with clothes well tucked up under their arms they can walk through slush and mire to sit for hours in a cold theatre, an illy-ventilated vestry or lecture-room, or worse still, into an over-heated, over-crowded ball-room.

But this is not bad enough; no matter whether it is at the time of the periodic functions or not, the young girl whose constitution is yet in process of formation, or the young matron engaged in the great work for which the division into sexes was created, spend hours in the most outrageous muscular exertion, in dances which would seem to have been invented by some arch enemy of woman, so effectually do they, aided by a too great weight of clothing, shake up the whole frame and dislocate every internal organ pertaining to womanhood.

We really think that the polka and its varieties which so jar the frame, have done more than any one single cause, to injure the health of our American women.

We must be allowed to dwell upon this branch of the subject. Just think of the young woman who spends her days with a book or with her needle in the quiet of her own house, not even going out for a walk, save semi-occasionally, when she takes an omnibus at the end of the first block from fatigue. Think of this fragile creature, overcoming this chronic habit, and the languor which her periodic condition imparts, with organs excited, turgid and enlarged, dancing these muscular dances, (so different from the gliding graces of the mazy waltz,) then stimulating and aggravating the difficulties by libations of champagne. Think, too, of the cream, ices, oysters and jellies indulged in at this unseasonable hour, and in what quantities! And then when every pore is steaming, when the pulse is beating wildly, half-clad, to seek through the sleet and frost her home. Perhaps our lady lives so near that a carriage is not deemed necessary, and what a chill strikes through the India-rubbers in the walk of half-a-dozen houses; and then to bed in the small hours, perhaps to repeat the same thing every night or two for the season.

This is no fancy picture. You know it, yet you ask me, why is it that this young creature has this and that malady? And all New-York, and all America, (the only place in the world where young girls of sixteen are allowed so to do,) are doing the same foolish thing the whole season through, and you say: 'Is it not wonderful that all the women are complaining of this and that; and it must be the English basement houses.'

What Fifth Avenue does, the girls who can earn their living by dress-making, book-folding, shop-keeping and the like — factory-girls in the country and the country aristocracy — imitate as far as they are able. But it is not night after night, and it alternates with more active and out-of-door daily life, and the disastrous results to health are not so noticeable. Is not this a suicidal epidemic?

#### FASHION ON THE SIDE OF HEALTH.

BUT fashion, which has done so much for the injury of our women, has done some little lately to ameliorate their condition. The expansive crinoline and modern hoops have reduced the number and weight of the skirts which pressed so fearfully, and which still so injuriously weigh upon the abdominal viscera. But although the words of eloquent warning so forcibly uttered by Miss Catherine Sedgwick have had so little effect upon her countrywomen in introducing the general wearing of skirts held up by the shoulders, we will reiterate the cry of Shoulder-straps, shoulder-straps! till it may awaken every mother

to the dangers hanging over her own child, every woman to the oppressive cincture hanging around her own waist, pressing upon vital organs till they are forced into unnatural situations, destroying the capillary circulation in the skin and external layers of vessels; creating deep-seated congestions, resulting in chronic if not life-long lasting weaknesses which make life wearisome and its duties impossible.

But it is useless, perhaps, to reiterate the cry of 'Shoulder-straps,' unless we can show to those who are not sufficiently ingenious as to make a simple waist with shoulder-straps upon which the skirts may all button, some easy and effectual manner by which all this may be accomplished. A corset manufactured by Douglass and Sherwood, of this city, answers this end in a most complete manner; and so for the last time we will utter the warning implied in the watchword of 'Shoulder-straps!'

A FACT TO BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

ONE other fruitful source of the many nervous and debilitating causes of woman's present degeneracy cannot be passed by in silence, for it is so wide-spread over the land, so early developed, so insidious in its growth, so utterly incurable, for the disordered mind is less and less able to follow the promptings of its own better judgment, or even the threats and entreaties of friends. It is a delicate matter to broach, yet when it is a subject which is of such vast importance, which is noted as fearfully prevalent in the American community, and to a far greater degree probably than among the women of any other country in the world, why should we shirk the subject? why hesitate to say plainly and without quibble that personal abuse lies at the root of much of the feebleness, nervousness, pale, waxen-facedness and general good-for-nothingness of the entire community? It is indeed a convincing proof of the actual chastity of the American females, but its physical results are far worse than those which would proceed from criminal immoralities.

This is one of the greatest evils of our boarding-school educational system, where the advent of one girl thus corrupted will introduce a moral epidemic into this large family of pubescent, hot-bed brought-up girls, worse for the ultimate well-being of this little community than the virulent scourge of scarlatina; for while the latter takes its quota and at once consigns them to an early grave, the former but toys with its victims, destroying the mind and unnerving the body. Foreigners are especially struck with this fact as the cause of much of the physical disease of our young women. They recognize it in the physique, in the sodden, colorless countenance, the lack-lustre eye, in the dreamy indolence, the general carriage, the constant demeanor indicative of distrust, mingled boldness and timidity, and a series of

anomalous combinations which mark this genus of physical and moral decay.

This is not a matter within the scope of general investigation; truth is not to be expected from its *habitués*, parents are deceived respecting it, believing rather what they wish than what they fear. Even the physician can but suspect, till time develops more fully by hysterics, epilepsies, spinal irritations, and a train of symptoms unmistakable even if the finally extorted confession of the poor victim did not render the matter clear. Marriage does indeed often arrest this final catastrophe and thus apparently shifts the responsibility upon other shoulders, and to the 'injurious effects of early marriages,' to the 'ills of maternity,' are ascribed the results of previous personal abuse.

For statistics and further information on this all-important subject, we must refer the reader to the opinions of physicians who have the charge of our retreats for the insane, lunatic asylums and the like; to the discriminating physicians of the families of the upper classes, stimulated alike by food, drinks, scenes, where ease is predominant, where indolence is the habit and novel-reading is the occupation, for further particulars on a subject now but barely alluded to.

#### POSITIVE SINS OF COMMISSION.

BUT now having treated of venial errors, sins against one's own self, for which self is punished, and for which self may perhaps be allowed to stand forgiven, if the suicide is to be forgiven, we must turn to sins of deeper dye, sins which admit of no palliation, sins not only against self, but sins against God, which no plea of ignorance can avail, for they are not the sins of the ignorant, the poor and the starving, but the sins of the rich and the lofty and the educated.

This is a theme from which we would gladly shrink, both from the delicacy of the subject and from conscious inability to treat it as it deserves; to bring before you the most horrid social enormity of this age, this city, and this world, and to hold it up to you in such a light as to make you all feel it, in its craven cowardice, its consequent bodily, mental and moral degeneracy, its soul-destroying wickedness. We look with a shudder upon the poor ignorant Hindoo woman, who from the very love for her child, agonizes her mother's heart, when in the fervor of her religious enthusiasm she sacrifices her beloved offspring at the feet of Juggernaut or in the turbid waves of the sacred Ganges, yet we have not a pang, nor even a word of reprobation, for the human sacrifices of the unborn thousands annually immolated in the city of New-York before the blood-worshipped Moloch of fashion. From no excess of religious faith in even a false, idolatrous god, are such hecatombs of human beings slain, but our women, from a devotion to dress and vain pride of outward show, become murderesses of

their own children, and do literally in their own bodies become whitened sepulchres, pallid with the diseases consequent upon such unrighteous acts, and sepulchral in thought and tone of voice from the remorse which always follows a guilty action.

Infanticide is the great, glaring and fearfully prevalent sin of the women of New-York as immorality, drunkenness, gaming, etc., are the prevailing sins of the female portion of the community of other cities and countries of the world. We take the liberty of speaking freely and plainly upon a topic which the pulpit shirks and the community winks at. We shall speak plainly what we know, and strongly what we feel. The moral sense of the community is at a fearful pass. *Each individual claims for herself whether or not to have children.* But if this right of option is granted, does it permit the destruction of the child? But says the apologetic parent, 'Children are so expensive; the demands of society, the cost for food, clothing, education is so great that we could not decently live with such a family.' Another, with means in abundance, says, 'That the care of children is such a slavery;' this one is fond of show and company, that one intends to go to Europe, and neither can be 'bothered with young ones.' These are the excuses for not pro-creating children, and the right so not to do we will not discuss now; but are these good reasons for *murder*? Is it not arrant laziness, sheer, craven, culpable cowardice which is at the bottom of this base act? Are you not dastardly shirking your duty, the duty of your life appointed you by the Creator? Have you the right to choose an indolent, selfish life, neglecting the work God has appointed you to perform? Are you a man who encourage your wife to such a villainous procedure? or are you the woman whose love for gew-gaws and trinkets prompts to the outrage against the heavenly sanctity of a true woman's nature? Which ever you are, you are a pitiful, God-forsaken wretch, and all true humanity despises you and hoots at you.

You have not even the unjustifiable but possibly excusable desire of the poor girl, the prey of the vile seducer, who bears in her own breast the pitiable evidence of another's crime. You voluntarily commit murder.

No, not murder, you say, for 'there has not been any life in the child.' Do not attempt to evade to man a crime which cannot be hidden from the ALL-SEEING. The poor mother has not herself felt the life of the child perhaps, but that is a quibble only of the laws of man, founded indeed upon the view, now universally recognized as incorrect, that the child's life began when its movements were first strong enough to be perceptible. There is, in fact, no moment after conception when it can be said that the child has not life, and the crime of destroying human life is as heinous and as sure before the period of



'quickenings' has been attained as afterward. But you still defend your horrible deed by saying: 'Well, if there be, as you say, this mere animal life, equivalent at the most to simple vitality, there is no mind, no soul destroyed, and that therefore there is no crime committed.' Just so surely as one would destroy and root out of existence all the fowl in the world by destroying all the eggs in the world, so certain is it that you do by your act destroy the animal man in the egg and the soul which animates it. When is the period when intelligence comes to the infant? Are its feeble first strugglings any evidence of its presence? Has it any appreciable quantity at birth? Has it any valuable, useful quantity even when a year old? When then is it that its destruction is harmless or comparatively sinless? While awaiting your metaphysical answer, I will tell you when it is sinful. Murder is always sinful, and murder is the wilful destruction of a human being at any period of its existence, from its earliest germinal embryo to its final, simple animal existence in aged decrepitude and complete mental imbecility.

We make these statements thus fully and plainly because of the frequency of this sin, often committed under the erroneous idea that no wrong deed is committed provided that 'life has not been felt,' by women who would not willingly do such a wrong. The amount of this crime can be testified to by any observing physician, and the half is probably concealed even from them.

This subject is not foreign to the theme of this paper, for it is not only a moral evil, but a physical wrong. The health of the mother suffers materially from the violence done to her system, and from the shock to her nervous sense. Whether it is effected by powerful drugs or by mechanical and instrumental interference, the result is deleterious to the animal economy. The organs are often seriously lacerated, punctured, irritated or inflamed, producing temporary disease which threatens and not unfrequently destroys life, and also when apparently cured, leaves the organs cicatrized, contracted, maimed, in distorted shapes and unnatural positions, in a state of sub-acute inflammation or chronic congestion, for all after-years a source of pain and weakness, and a fruitful origin of neuralgias, debilities and miseries. Be assured this is not exaggerated, for we cannot recall to mind an individual who has been guilty of this crime, (for it must be called a crime, under every aspect,) but who has suffered for many years afterward in consequence. And when the health is finally restored, the freshness of life has gone, and the vigor of mind and energy of body has forever departed. Languor and listlessness have become a second nature by habit.

Were the secrets committed to the sacred keeping of a physician allowed to be exposed to the world, we could convince you by a flood

of witnessing cases which have come under our own observation, and which could be corroborated by thousands of medical men in this city and country, that we have barely broached the subject, and that the facts are not even fully shadowed forth.

EVILS THOUGHTLESSLY PRODUCED.

AN overweening desire for luxury, for dress, fashion, or from simple indolence, sometimes from a desire which may be laudable, not to produce children to inherit constitutional diseases, induces many to take various precautionary measures against conception. We have heard clergymen state 'that a man should control the size of his family as much as a farmer his flocks; that he should not have a larger stock than he can house and feed; that this was in the power of every one; that the mind was given to control the appetites; that the lower classes were over-running with children, and the poorer the parents, the more prolific they became.' Yes, and the more healthy and vigorous. It is these women who do not pretend to guide the course of events, or make the laws of Nature conform to their wishes, who are in health and actually doing the work of the world, while the wise in their own conceit are sufferers, invalids, and useless. The laws of nature and the necessities of our existence implanted by an over-ruling Providence, cannot be contravened without detriment to the system. Local congestions, nervous affections and debilities are the direct and indisputable results of the *coitus imperfecti*, *tegumenta extaria*, *ablutiones gelidae*, *infusiones astringentes*, etcetera, so commonly employed by the community, who are so ignorant on all these matters, and who are in fact substituting for one imaginary difficulty in prospect, a host of ills that will leave no rest or comfort to be found.

On this subject there is great ignorance and great ills resulting. Inquiry of any gynécologist will convince the most skeptical that the general employment of any means for the prevention of conception, is fraught with injury to the female certainly, if not to the other sex also. Exactly how these evils are effected is not perhaps of easy explanation, for all the physiological laws are not fully known, but of this fact there is no mistake, and reasonably enough, for sexual congress is thus rendered but a species of self-abuse.

We must leave this question thus imperfectly touched upon, for your own reflections. It is one of vast importance to the physical well-being of the American woman, but it cannot be discussed advantageously in a single article. We could not in conscience have omitted so important a cause of the physical decline of the health of our women without alluding to it, and less could scarcely be said. In your reflections take one guide to correct deductions. Start with the

firm belief that God's laws cannot be discarded, superseded or neglected with impunity.

#### INHERITED DISEASES.

It may be remarked that we have not alluded to either inherited or contracted constitutional diseases which result from immoralities either of ancestors, or from the husband's criminalities, or from woman's personal debasement. We have not alluded to them, principally because they are far less common than some would fain make it appear. With all their follies, the American women are virtuous; those to the contrary, we are confident, being rare exceptions. This is almost as true of the American husbands, the great majority of whom are true to their marriage-vows, and in a proportion, even in the tainted cities, the hot-beds of vice, far greater than in any other land of Christendom. That many women do thus suffer is true; and where this suffering arises from the sins of either ancestors or husband, she can only have our deepest sympathies, and surely none can more deservedly claim them! But where moral sin has brought with it physical disease, we can add nothing to the teachings of Holy Writ and of past centuries. 'The way of the transgressor is hard,' even in this nineteenth century, for the truths of time are the truths of eternity. Women can still do something. They have yet a work to perform. Strip off your follies, your profligacies. Live for something better than dress and fashion, and that ease and self-indulgence which like a coy maiden, when courted most, furthest retires. Accept your earthly mission to elevate man, to lift him above the perishing dross and sickly vanities of this world:

*'Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.'*

#### A LOFTIER END FOR LIFE.

If the sins of the past can only be alleviated, in the future they may be prevented. Be a mother to your children; be a companion for your boys and girls. The follies of the young are too often only the manifestation of the sins of the mother, sins of omission, of neglect of the child's thought, which instead of being trained, as the gardener inclines the twig, is allowed to be blown about by every passing breeze. Fill your child's thoughts full; stuff them to repletion with the good, and there will be no room for the bad to get in. You know how to satisfy the demands of his stomach, yet you do not attempt to cater for his nobler mental and moral nature. Be a companion for your children. Teach them that if weaned from your breast they are

not put away from your heart, and from thence let them still draw their spirit as they before found their life's blood! Be a mother!

‘My ear is pained,  
My soul is sick with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.’

A mother! The fashionable woman whom we once met dancing waltz at a city ball when her only child lay at home sickening with scarlet fever, is not the type we urge you to copy. She was but an ostrich who leaves its young on the desert sands. No, be a true mother, instinct with all the holy attributes of maternity. There are many of you who can, like us, point to the mansions of the blest for the type of a mother not dead, for she yet lives in our hearts, stirring us up with a sweet, soft voice, yet ringing louder than clarion blasts through our inmost souls, to duty.

Ah! if you will but accept the noble office you are called upon to perform, if you will but *occupy* the heart of your husband, if you will but fold your children into your own self, know their inmost thoughts, be their confident, their life-spring, their guide, ‘truant husbands, as they are called, sons designated as ‘only a little wild,’ will be rare, and the world will be renovated. To these pure joys does the true woman say dress and fashion are preferable?

Like all good actions, these will rebound with blessings. In the exercise of these duties, in the cultivation of home joys and affections, the exposures and consequent diseases will not be met with. Life will not be a state of constant invalidism. Will you think of these things?

We need not speak here of the habit of so many women of indiscriminate doctoring, taking of medicines whose virtues are seen only in newspaper advertisements, indeed in the constant use of any medicines. The evils of over-dosing have been sufficiently dilated upon, but we may be permitted to especially mention the evils arising from the profuse drinking of the waters of various mineral springs, without any regard to the character of the diseases of the individual. It is now so general a custom for the better portion of the community to frequent these summer resorts and without professional advice to drink inordinately of the waters, that a word of caution seems especially necessary. Much local as well as general injury are often the result.

There are many other well-known indulgences which vitiate the health, which have not even been mentioned, but as most of them are apparent to all, and as we can add nothing new to what others have repeatedly said, we shall leave them without any further allusion.

## WOMEN'S RIGHTS

THE redemption of the sex from their alleged degraded condition as dependent upon and inferior to man, is one of the great controversial topics of the day. If we place ourselves in opposition to this reform movement, it must be seen from the general tenor of these remarks that it is not from any skepticism respecting her native capacity, (for the quickness of woman's intellect, the energy of woman's resolve, and the persistency of woman's determination is a fact generally admitted, and we have endeavored to prove, or at least have asserted our belief, in her natural physical strength.) Any opposition must therefore arise from her own slavery to forms, and customs, and observances, from being tied down by fashion and folly. They should remember

‘ — who would be free,  
*Themselves* must strike the blow,’

and not only assert their independence, but vindicate their claim to equality, not with chalk, powder and balls, or blood-rouge stained cheeks, but by actual attainments and victories over self-degeneracy. At the bottom of all superiority is physical vigor. An inferior mind backed by robust health, can accomplish all that it undertakes, but tortured by disease and restrained by debility, the proudest intellect is futile to obtain results. The height of earthly desire can only be striven for with earnestness, to say nothing of its attainment, with the *mens sana, in corpore sano*, a healthy mind in a healthy body.

Readers, we have written these pages not willingly, but after much thoughtful deliberation, and after frequent consultations with those whose advice one who can be so happy as to obtain it, is compelled to follow, and in accordance with an irresistible feeling of duty. Simple and well-known as what we have said may be to many, it has cost some resolution to say it. It may cost you more resolution to follow its instructions. We stand only as a guide-post, showing whither lead the two roads: it is for you to choose which to follow.

— ‘WINTER'S gloom

Shows nothing but a waste with one broad track  
Stamped to the humble door-step from the lane;  
The snow-capped wood-pile stretching near the walls;  
And the half-severed log, with axe that leans  
Within the gaping notch.’



## M Y H O M E .

## I.

If Love would find an humble spot,  
Whence he should never wish to roam,  
I know the place — a little cot  
That shelters those I love — my home.

## II.

You may not see the eglantine  
In summer clamber on the walls ;  
You may not see the works divine  
Of the old masters, in the halls :

## III.

Nor aught of artful music hear,  
Nor waters dripping from a fount,  
Nor birds, with music every where  
Filling the sky they never mount :

## IV.

But still the vines do clamber there,  
And cling, and wreath in many a fold,  
And all their buds are full and fair,  
That blossom into flowers of gold.

## V.

And so the halls, and all the rooms,  
Are hung with sacred memories  
That have their tints ; and o'er their blooms  
My thoughts go wandering like bees.

## VI.

And loud the little baby laughs,  
And flings his arms in dainty play,  
And gives the peace he never quaffs  
Through all the quiet sunny day.

## VII.

And so if Love would find a spot  
Whence he should never wish to roam,  
I said I knew the place — a cot  
That shelters peace and rest — my home.

## THE BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE, 1776.\*

THE month of May robbed the catalpa and the oleander in their gorgeous masses of flowers, and the peace of Charleston was still undisturbed except by gathering rumors, that the English fleet and transports destined for its attack had arrived in Cape Fear River. All the mechanics and laborers about town were employed in extending and strengthening its fortifications, and a great number of negroes, brought down from the country, were put upon the works. The bloom of the magnolia was turning yellow in the hot sky of early summer, when on the first day of June expresses from Christ Church Parish brought news to the President, that a fleet of forty or fifty sail lay anchored about twenty miles to the north of Charleston bar.

Happily the colony had already organized an efficient government and invested Rutledge, its chief executive officer, with large powers. He ordered the alarm to be fired, and while the citizens were looking out for horses, carriages, or boats to remove their wives and children, he hastened down the militia from the country by expresses; and in company with Armstrong visited all the fortifications. Barricades were thrown up across the principal streets; defences were raised at the points most likely to be selected for landing; lead, gleaned from the weights of windows of churches and dwelling-houses, was cast into musket-balls, and a respectable force in men was concentrated at the capital.

The eyes of the whole country were turned upon the people of South-Carolina. Their invaders, at a moment when instant action was essential to their success, were perplexed by uncertainty of counsel between Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, the respective commanders of the army and the naval force. On the seventh Clinton would have sent on shore a proclamation by a flag of truce; his boat was fired upon by an ignorant sentinel; but next day Moultrie offered an explanation through one of his officers, and received the proclamation in return. In this the British general declared the existence of 'a most unprovoked and wicked rebellion within South-Carolina,' the 'succession of crimes of its inhabitants,' the tyranny of its congress and committees, the error, thus far incorrigible, of an 'infatuated and misguided multitude,' the duty of 'proceeding forthwith against all bodies of men in arms, congresses and committees, as open enemies of the State;' but 'from humanity' he consented 'to forewarn the deluded people,' and to offer in his majesty's name 'free pardon to such as should lay down their arms and submit to the laws.' Having

---

\* From Mr. BANCROFT's forthcoming volume of the History of the United States.

done this, he consulted Cornwallis on the best means of gaining possession of Sullivan's island; and both agreed that they could not more effectually coöperate with the intended movement of the fleet, than by taking possession of Long Island, which was represented to communicate with Sullivan's Island at low water, by a ford, and with the main by a channel navigable for boats of draft. Clinton had had four days' time to sound the ford; but he took the story of its depth on trust.

On the morning of the ninth of June, Charles Lee, attended by his aides-de-camp and Robert Howe of North-Carolina, arrived at Had-drell's Point. After examining its fortifications, he crossed over to Sullivan's Island, where he found a good stock of powder, a fort of which the front and one side were finished, and twelve hundred men encamped in its rear in huts and booths that were roofed with palmetto leaves. Within the fort numerous mechanics and laborers were lifting and fitting heavy palmetto logs for its walls. He had scarce glanced at the work, when he declared that 'he did not like that post at all; it could not hold out half-an-hour, and there was no way to retreat;' it was but a 'slaughter-pen' and the garrison would be sacrificed. On his way up to Charleston, Lee touched at James Island, where Gadsden had the command.

The battalions raised in South-Carolina were not as yet placed upon the continental establishment; and although Congress bore the proportionate expense, the disposition of the force still remained under the exclusive direction of the President of the Colony and its officers. This circumstance became now of the greatest importance. To Armstrong no command whatever had been conceded; and he had had little to do except to receive the hospitalities of Charleston; but Lee was the second officer in the American army; his military fame was at that time very great; he had power from the general Congress to order, and he had ordered battalions from North-Carolina and Virginia; his presence was a constant pledge of the active sympathy of the continent; and on his arrival he was invested with the military command through an order from Rutledge.

On that same day Clinton began his disembarkation, landing four or five hundred men on Long Island. It was therefore evident that the first attack was to be made not on the city, but its out-post; yet Lee proposed to Rutledge to withdraw from Sullivan's Island and abandon it without a blow. Had he acted in concert with the invaders, he could not have more completely promoted their design. But Rutledge, interposing his authority, would not suffer it, and Lee did not venture to proceed alone; yet on the tenth his very first order to Moultrie, except one which was revoked as soon as issued, directed that officer to construct bridges for his retreat, and the order was repeated and enforced several times that day, and almost every succeed-

ing one. Happily Moultrie's courage was of that placid kind that could not be made anxious or uneasy; he weighed carefully his danger and his resources; with quiet, imperturbable confidence, formed his plan for repelling the impending double attack of the enemy by sea and by land; and never so much as imagined that he could be driven from his post.

On the tenth of June, while the continental congress was finishing the debate on independence, the Bristol, whose guns had been previously taken out, came over the bar attended by thirty or forty vessels, and anchored at about three miles from Fort Sullivan. In Charleston, from which this movement was distinctly visible, all was action; on the wharfs warehouses of great value were thrown down to give room for the fire of cannon and musketry from the lines along East Bay; intrenchments surrounded the town; the barricades, raised in the principal streets, were continued to the water; and arrow-headed embankments were projected upon the landing-places. Negroes from the country took part in the labor; the hoe and the spade were also in every citizen's hands, for all persons, without distinction, 'labored with alacrity,' some for the sake of example, some as the best way of being useful. Neither the noon-day sun, nor the rain, which in that clime drops from the clouds in gushes, interrupted their toil.

On the eleventh the two regiments from North-Carolina arrived. That same day Lee, being told that a bridge of retreat from Sullivan's Island to Haddrell's Point was impossible, and not being permitted by Rutledge to direct the total evacuation of the island, ordered Moultrie immediately to send four hundred of his men over to the continent; in his postscript he added: 'Make up the detachment to five hundred.' On the thirteenth he writes, 'You will detach another hundred of men,' to strengthen the corps on the other side of the creek. But the spirit of South-Carolina had sympathy with Moultrie, and mechanics and negro laborers were sent down to complete his fort; but hard as they toiled, it was not nearly finished before the action. On the twelfth the wind blew so violently that two ships which lay outside of the bar, were obliged for safety to stand out to sea, and this assisted to delay the attack.

On the fifteenth, Lee stationed Armstrong at Haddrell's Point; and Armstrong, as the superior officer, ever manifested for Moultrie a hearty friendship. On that same day, Sir Peter Parker gave to the captains of his squadron his arrangement for the attack of the batteries on Sullivan's Island, and on the sixteenth he communicated it to Clinton, who did not know what to do. The dilatory conduct of the British betrayed uncertainty and a division of councils; and the Carolinians made such use of the consequent delay, that by the seventeenth they were in an exceedingly good state of preparation at every

out-post and also in town. But Clinton intended only to occupy and garrison Sullivan's Island. For that end, consulting with Cornwallis, he completed the landing of all his men on Long Island, a naked sand, where nothing grew except a few bushes, that harbored myriads of mosquitoes, and where the troops suffered intensely from the burning sun, the want of good water, and the bad quality and insufficient supply of provisions. A trial of the ford was made; Clinton himself waded in up to his neck; so did others of his officers, and on the day on which he succeeded in getting all his men on shore, he announced through Vaughan to Sir Peter Parker, that no ford was to be found; that there remained a depth of seven feet of water at low tide; and that therefore the troops could not take the share they expected in the intended attack. His six full regiments, and companies enough from others to make up one more, a body of more than three thousand men, thoroughly provided with arms, artillery, and ammunition, had left the transports for a naked sand-bank that was to them a prison. Yet compelled to propose something, Clinton fixed on the twenty-third for the joint attack.

On the night after the day appointed for the attack, Muhlenberg's regiment arrived. On receiving Lee's orders it instantly set off from Virginia and marched to Charleston, without tents, continually exposed to the weather. It was composed chiefly of Muhlenberg's old German parishioners, and of the Virginia regiments, and was the most complete, the best armed, best clothed, and best equipped for immediate service. The Americans were now very strong.

The confidence of Sir Peter Parker in an easy victory was unshaken. To make all sure, he exercised a body of marines and seamen in the art of entering forts through embrasures; intending first to silence Moultrie's battery, then to land his trained detachment, and by their aid enter the fort. His presumption was justified by the judgment of Lee. That general, coming down to the island, took Moultrie aside and said: 'Do you think you can maintain this post?' Moultrie answered: 'Yes, I think I can.' But Lee had no faith in a spirited defence, fretted at the too easy disposition of Moultrie, and wished, up to the last moment, to remove him from the command.

On the twenty-third an unfavorable wind prevented the joint attack. On the twenty-fifth the squadron was increased by the arrival of the 'Experiment,' a ship of sixty guns, which passed the bar on the twenty-sixth. Letters of encouragement came also from Tonnyn, then Governor of East-Florida, who was impatient for an attack on Georgia; he would have had a body of Indians raised on the back of South-Carolina; and a body of royalists to 'terrify and distract, so that the assault at Charleston would have struck an astonishing terror and affright.' He reported South-Carolina to be in 'a mutinous state that

delighted him; 'the men would certainly rise on their officers; the battery on Sullivan's Island would not discharge two rounds.' This opinion was spread through the fleet, and became the belief of every sailor on board. With or without Clinton's aid the Commodore was persuaded that with his trained seamen and marines, he could take and keep possession of the fort, till Clinton should 'send as many troops as he might think proper, and who might enter the fort in the same way.'

Captain Lamperer walking with Moultrie on the platform, and looking at the British ships-of-war, all of which had already come over the bar, addressed him: 'Well, Colonel, what do you think of it now?' 'We shall beat them,' said Moultrie. 'The men-of-war,' rejoined the captain, 'will knock your fort down in half-an-hour.' 'Then,' said Moultrie, 'we will lie behind the ruins and prevent their men from landing.'

On the morning of the twenty-eighth a gentle sea-breeze prognosticated the attack. Lee, from Charleston, for the tenth or eleventh time, charged Moultrie to finish the bridge for his retreat, promised him reënforcements, which were never sent, and still meditated removing him from his command; while Moultrie, whose faculties, under the outward show of imperturbable and even indolent calm, were strained to their utmost tension, rode to visit his advanced guard on the east. Here the commander, William Thomson, of Orangeburg, of Irish descent, a native of Pennsylvania, but from childhood a citizen of South-Carolina, a man of rare worth in private life, brave and intelligent as an officer, had, at the extreme point, posted fifty of the militia behind sand-hills and myrtle bushes. A few hundred yards in the rear he guarded breastworks that had been thrown up, with three hundred riflemen of his own regiment from Orangeburg and its neighborhood, with two hundred of Clark's North-Carolina regiment, two hundred more of the men of South-Carolina under Horry; and the raccoon company of riflemen. On his left he was protected by a morass; on his right by one eighteen pounder and one brass six pounder, which overlooked the spot where Clinton would wish to land.

Seeing the enemy's boats already in motion on the beach of Long Island, and the men-of-war loosing their topsails, Moultrie hurried back to his fort at full speed. He ordered the long roll to beat, and officers and men to their posts. His whole number, including himself and officers, was four hundred and thirty-five; of whom twenty-two were of the fourth regiment of artillery, the rest of his own regiment; men who were bound to each other, to their officers, and to him, by personal affection and confidence. Next to him in command was Isaac Motte; the major of his regiment, was the fearless and faultless Francis Marion. The fort was a square with a bastion at each angle;



built of palmetto logs, dove-tailed and bolted together, and laid in parallel rows sixteen feet asunder; between these rows the space was filled with sand. On the eastern and northern sides the palmetto wall was only seven feet high, but it was surmounted by thick plank, so as to be tenable against a scaling party; a traverse of sand extended from east to west. The southern and western curtains were finished with their platforms, on which the cannon were mounted. The standard which was advanced to the south-east bastion, displayed a flag of blue with a white crescent, on which was emblazoned *LIBERTY*. The whole number of cannon in the fort, the bastions, and the two cavaliers, was but thirty-one, of which no more than twenty-one could at the same time be brought into use; of ammunition there were but twenty-eight rounds for twenty-six cannon. At Haddrell's Point across the bay Armstrong had about fifteen hundred men. The first regular South-Carolina regiment, under Christopher Gadsden, occupied Fort Johnson, which stood on the most northerly part of James Island, about three miles from Charleston, and within point-blank shot of the channel. Charleston was guarded by more than two thousand men.

Half-an-hour after nine in the morning, the commodore gave signal to Clinton that he should go on the attack. An hour later the ships-of-war were under weigh. Gadsden, Cotesworth Pinckney, and the rest at Fort Johnson watched all their movements; in Charleston the wharfs and water-side along the bay were crowded with troops under arms and lookers-on. The men of Carolina must foil their adversary, or their city may perish; their houses be sacked and burned, and the savages on the frontier start from their lurking-places. No grievous oppressions weighed down the industry of South-Carolina; she came forth to the struggle from generous sympathy; and now the battle is to be fought for her chief city, and the province.

The 'Thunderbomb,' covered by the 'Friendship,' began the action by throwing shells, which it continued, till more than sixty were discharged; of these some burst in the air; one lighted on the magazine without doing injury; the rest sunk in the morass, or were buried in the sand within the fort. At about a quarter to eleven the 'Active,' of twenty-eight guns, disregarding four or five shots fired at her while under sail; the 'Bristol,' with fifty guns, having on board Sir Peter Parker and Lord William Campbell, the Governor; the 'Experiment,' also of fifty guns; and the 'Solebay,' of twenty-eight, brought up within about three hundred and fifty yards of the foot, let go their anchors with springs upon their cables, and began a most furious cannonade. Every sailor expected that two broadsides would end the strife; but the soft, fibrous, spongy wood of the palmetto withstood the rapid fire, and neither split, nor splintered, nor started; and the

parapet was high enough to protect the men on the platforms. When broadsides from three or four of the men-of-war struck the logs at the same instant, the shock gave the merlons a tremor, but the pile remained uninjured. Moultrie had but one-tenth as many guns as were brought to bear on him, and was moreover obliged to stint the use of powder. His guns accordingly were fired very slowly, the officers taking aim, and waiting always for the smoke to clear away, that they might point with more precision. 'Mind the commodore, mind the fifty-gun ships,' were the words that passed along the platform from officers and men.

'Shall I send for more powder?' asked Moultrie of Motte.

'To be sure,' said Motte.

And Moultrie wrote to Lee: 'I believe we shall want more powder. At the rate we go on, I think we shall; but you can see that. Pray send us more, if you think proper.'

More vessels were seen coming up, and cannon were heard from the north-east. Clinton had promised support; not knowing what else to do, he directed the batteries on Long Island to open a cannonade; and several shells were thrown into Thomson's intrenchments, doing no other damage than wounding one soldier. The firing was returned by Thomson with his one eighteen pounder; but, from the distance, with little effect.

At twelve o'clock the light infantry, grenadiers, and the fifteenth regiment embarked in boats, while floating batteries and armed craft got under weigh to cover the landing; but the troops never so much as once attempted to land. The detachment had hardly left Long Island before it was ordered to disembark, for it was seen that 'the landing was impracticable, and would have been the destruction of many brave men without the least probability of success.' The American defences were so well constructed, the approach so difficult, Thomson so vigilant, his men such skilful sharpshooters, that had the British landed, they would have been cut to pieces. 'It was impossible,' says Clinton, 'to decide positively upon any plan;' and he did nothing.

An attack on Haddrell's Point would have been still more desperate; though the Commodore, at Clinton's request, sent three frigates to coöperate with him in that design. The people of Charleston, as they looked from the battery with senses quickened by the nearness of danger, beheld the 'Sphinx,' the 'Acteon,' and the 'Syren,' each of twenty-eight guns, sailing as if to get between Haddrell's Point and the fort, so as to enfilade the works, and when the rebels should be driven from them, to cut off their retreat. It was a moment of danger, for the fort on that side was unfinished. But the pilots kept too far to the south, so that they run all the three upon a bank of sand, known

as the Lower Middle Ground. Gladdened by seeing the frigates thus entangled, the people at Charleston were swayed alternately by fears and hopes; the armed inhabitants stood every one at his post, uncertain but that they might be called to immediate action, hardly daring to believe that Moultrie's small and ill-furnished garrison could beat off the squadron, when behold! his flag disappears from their eyes. Fearing that his colors had been struck, they prepared to meet the invaders at the water's edge, trusting in Providence and preferring death to slavery. In the fort, William Jasper, a sergeant, perceived that the flag had been cut down by a ball from the enemy and had fallen over the ramparts. 'Colonel,' said he to Moultrie, 'do n't let us fight without a flag.'

'What can you do?' asked Moultrie; 'the staff is broken off.'

'Then,' said Jasper, 'I'll fix it on a halberd, and place it on the merlon of the bastion next the enemy;' and leaping through an embrasure, and braving the thickest fire of the enemy, he took up the flag, returned with it safely and planted it, as he had promised, on the summit of the merlon. The day was exceedingly hot, the almost vertical sun of mid-summer glared from a cloudless sky, and the temperature was increased by the blaze from the cannon on the platform. All of the garrison threw off their coats during the heat of the action, and some were almost naked; Moultrie and several of the officers smoked their pipes as they gave their orders. The defence was conducted within sight of those whose watchfulness was to them the most animating. They knew that their movements were observed by the inhabitants from the housetops of Charleston; by the veteran Armstrong, and the little army at Haddrell's Point; by Gadsden at Fort Johnson, who was almost near enough to take part in the engagement, and was chafing with discontent at not being himself in the scene of danger. Exposed to an incessant cannonade, which seemed sufficient to daunt the bravest veterans, they stuck to their guns with the greatest constancy. Hit by a ball which entered through an embrasure, MacDaniel cried out to his brother soldiers: 'I am dying, but do n't let the cause of liberty expire with me this day.'

Jasper removed the mangled corpse from the sight of his comrades, and cried aloud: 'Let us revenge that brave man's death.'

The slow, intermitted fire which was skilfully directed against the commodore and the brave seamen on board the 'Bristol,' shattered that ship and carried wounds and death. Never had a British squadron 'experienced so rude an encounter.' Once the springs on the cables of the 'Bristol' were swept away; as she swung round with her stern toward the fort, she drew upon herself the fire of all the guns that could be brought to bear upon her. The slaughter was dreadful; of all who in the beginning of the action were stationed on

her quarter-deck, not one escaped being killed or wounded. At one moment, it is said, the commodore stood there alone, an example of unsurpassed intrepidity and firmness. Neither the wind nor the tide suffered him to retire. Morris, his captain, having his fore-arm shattered by a chain-shot, and also receiving a wound in his neck, was taken into the cock-pit; but after submitting to amputation, he insisted on being carried on the quarter-deck once more, where he resumed the command and continued it, till he was shot through the body, when feeling dissolution near, he commended his family to the providence of God and the generosity of his country. Meantime the eyes of the commodore and of all on board his fleet were 'frequently and impatiently' and vainly turned toward the army. If the troops would but coöperate, he was sure of gaining the island; for, at about one o'clock he believed that he had silenced the guns of the rebels and that the fort was about to be evacuated. 'If this were so,' Clinton afterward asked him, 'why did you not take possession of the fort with the seamen and marines whom you practised for the purpose?' And Parker's answer was, that he had no prospect of speedy support from Clinton. But the pause was owing to the scarcity of powder, of which the little that remained was reserved for the musketry as a defence against an expected attack from the land forces. Lee should have sent supplies; but in the heat of the action Moultrie received from him this letter: 'If you should unfortunately expend your ammunition without beating off the enemy or driving them on ground, spike your guns and retreat.'

A little later a better gift and a better message came from Rutledge, at Charleston: 'I send you five hundred pounds of powder. You know our collection is not very great. Honor and victory to you and our worthy countrymen with you. Do not make too free with your cannon. Be cool, and do mischief.' These five hundred pounds of powder, with two hundred pounds from a schooner lying at the back of the fort, were all the supplies that Moultrie received. At three in the afternoon, Lee, on a report from his aide-de-camp Byrd, sent Muhlenberg's Virginia Riflemen to reënforce Thomson. A little before five Moultrie was able to renew his fire. At about five the marines in the ships' tops, seeing a lieutenant with eight or ten men remove the heavy barricade from the gateway to the fort, thought that Moultrie and his party were about to retreat, but the gateway was unbarred to receive a visit from Lee. The officers, half-naked and begrimed with the hot day's work, respectfully laid down their pipes as he drew near. The general himself pointed two or three guns, after which he said to Moultrie, 'Colonel, I see you are doing very well here, you have no occasion for me, I will go up to town again;' and thus he left the fort.

When at a few minutes past seven the sun went down in a blaze of light, the battle was still raging, though the British showed signs of weariness. The inhabitants of Charleston, whom the evening sea breeze collected on the battery, could behold the flag of crescent liberty still proudly waving; and they continued gazing anxiously, till the short twilight gave way suddenly to the deep darkness of a southern night, when nothing was seen but continual flashes, followed by peals as it were of thunder coming out from a heavy cloud. Many thousand shot were fired from the shipping, and hardly a hut or a tree on the island remained unhurt; but the works were very little damaged, and only one gun was silenced. The firing from the fort continued slowly; and the few shot they were able to send, were heard to strike against the ships' timbers. Just after nine o'clock, a great part of his ammunition being expended in a cannonade of about ten hours, his people fatigued, the 'Bristol' and the 'Experiment' made nearly wrecks, the tide of ebb almost done, with no prospect of help from the army at the eastward, and no possibility of his being of any further service, Sir Peter Parker resolved to withdraw. At half-past nine his ships slipped their cables, and dropped down with the tide to their previous moorings.

Of the four hundred and thirty-five Americans in the fort, who took part in this action, all but eleven remained alive, and of these but twenty-six were wounded. At so small a cost of life had Charleston been defended and a province saved.

When, after a cannonade of about ten hours, the firing ceased, the inhabitants of Charleston remained in suspense, till a boat from Moultrie announced his victory. At morning's dawn the 'Acteon' frigate was seen, fast aground at about four hundred yards from the fort. The 'Syren' had got off, and so too had the 'Sphinx,' yet with the loss of her bowsprit. Some shots were exchanged, but the company of the 'Acteon' soon set fire to her and deserted her. Men from the fort boarded her while she was on fire, pointed and discharged two or three of her guns at the commodore, and loaded their three boats from her stores. In one half of an hour after they abandoned her she blew up, and to the eyes of the Carolinians, the pillar of smoke, as it rose over the vessel, took the form of the palmetto.

The 'Bristol' had forty men killed and seventy-one wounded. Lord William Campbell received a contusion in his left side, and, after suffering two years, died from its effects. Sir Peter Parker was slightly injured. About seventy balls went through the ship; her mizzen-mast was so much hurt that it fell early the next morning; the main-mast was cut away about fifteen feet below the hounds; and the broad pendant now streamed from a jury-mast, lower than the foremast. She had suffered so much in hull, masts, and rigging, that but for the still

ness of the sea she must have gone down. On board the 'Experiment,' twenty-three were killed and fifty-six wounded; Scott, her captain, lost his left arm, and was otherwise so much wounded, that his life was long despaired of; the ship was much damaged, her mizzen gaff was shot away. The whole loss of the British fleet, in killed and wounded, was two hundred and five. The royal governors of North-Carolina and of South-Carolina, as well as Clinton and Cornwallis, and seven regiments, were witnesses of the defeat. The commodore and the general long indulged in reciprocal criminations. Nothing remained for the army but to quit the sands of Long Island, yet three weeks more passed away before they embarked in transports for New-York under the single 'convoy of the 'Solebay' frigate; the rest of the fleet being under the necessity of remaining still longer to refit.'

The success of the Carolinians was due to the wisdom and adequateness of their preparations. It saved not a post but a province. It kept seven regiments away from New-York for two months; it gave security to Georgia, and three years' peace to Carolina; it dispelled throughout the South the dread of British superiority; it drove the loyalists into shameful obscurity. It was an announcement to the other colonies of the existence of South-Carolina as a self-directing republic; a message of brotherhood and union.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth, Charleston harbor was studded with sails and alive with the voices of men, hastening to congratulate the victors. They crowded round their deliverers with transports of gratitude; they gazed admiringly on the uninjured walls of the fortress, the ruinous marks of the enemy's shot on every tree and hut in its neighborhood; they enjoyed the sight of the wreck of the 'Acteon,' the discomfited men-of-war riding at anchor at two and a half miles distance; they laughed at the commodore's broad pendant, scarcely visible on a jury main-topmast, while their own blue flag crowned the merlon. Letters of congratulation came down from Rutledge and from Gadsden; and Lee gave his witness, that 'no men ever did behave better, or ever can behave better.'

On the afternoon of the thirtieth Lee reviewed the garrison, and renewed to them the praise that was their due. While they were thus drawn out, the women of Charleston presented to the second regiment a pair of fine silken colors, one of blue, one of red, richly embroidered by their own hands; and Susanna Smith Elliot, a scion of one of the oldest families of the colony, who, being left an orphan, had been bred up by Rebecca Motte, stepped forth to the front of the intrepid band in maternal beauty, young and stately, light-haired, with eyes of mild expression, and a pleasant countenance; and as she put the flags into the hands of Moultrie and Motte, she said in a low, sweet voice: 'Your gallant behavior in defence of liberty and your country entitles



you to the highest honors; accept these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment; and I make not the least doubt, under heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of Liberty.' And the regiment plighting the word which they were to keep sacredly at the cost of many of their lives, answered: 'The colors shall be honorably supported, and shall never be tarnished.'

On the fourth of July, Rutledge came to visit the garrison. There stood Moultrie, there Motte, there Marion, there Peter Horry, there William Jasper, and all their fearless comrades. Rutledge was happy in having insisted on holding possession of the fort; happy in the consciousness of his unwavering reliance on Moultrie; happy in the glory that gathered round the first days of the new-born commonwealth; and when, in the name of South-Carolina, he returned thanks to the defenders, his burning words gushed forth with an eloquence that adequately expressed the impassioned gratitude of the people. To Jasper he offered a lieutenant's commission, which Jasper modestly declined, accepting only a sword.

All South-Carolina, by her President and the common voice, decreed that the post on Sullivan's Island should, for all future time, be known as Fort Moultrie; her assembly crowned her victorious sons with applause. The tidings leaped from colony to colony on their way to the North, and the continental congress voted their thanks to Lee, Moultrie, Thomson, and the officers and men under their command. But at the time of that vote, congress was no more the representative of dependent colonies; the victory at Fort Moultrie was the bright morning star and harbinger of American Independence.

---

E P I G R A M.

M—— writes very little: 'tis strange, is it not?  
I'll tell you the why and the wherefore:  
He cares not a fig for his fame as a bard,  
And he has not a fig's worth to care for!

## A NEW YEAR'S MONODY.

IN SPERO TE.

A YEAR! a Tear!  
 A Hope! a Fear!  
 Like ripples on the stream,  
 Like moonlight's fading beam,  
 They come! they pass!  
 Ah, me! alas!  
 This life is vapor,  
 A flickering taper,  
 In flowing sympathies, in surging sorrows,  
 In hopeful ecstasies, in glad To-morrows;  
 This rapid Present runs its winding race,  
 And Man at last *awakes* in Death's embrace.

A Truth! a Lie!  
 A Joy! a Sigh!  
 Flow mingling as a wave,  
 That makes a common grave  
 For Good and Ill.  
 Mysterious still —  
 Its surface, vexed;  
 Its depths, perplexed  
 With adverse passions that will never rest,  
 The heart — is seething in its troubled breast:  
 Eager for joy, it seizes present pain,  
 And worships phantom follies o'er again.

A Birth! a Breath!  
 A Toil! a Death!  
 Then opes the dreary Tomb  
 To which all flesh must come,  
 And Life is done —  
 Its goal is won —  
 Dreams all are ended,  
 Plans all expended,  
 In awful silence now, the dust asleep,  
 Throbs with no love, nor heeds if Friendship weep.  
 The marble cold, the flower-enameled knoll,  
 Conceal and guard the Palace of a Soul!

A Soul! and Sin!  
 Ah, how? and when?  
 Shall these departed be?  
 What healing ministry  
 Of suffering grace,  
 For Adam's race,  
 Has weeping Heaven  
 In mercy given?  
 A Loving Presence shines upon our night;  
 Incarnate Truth diffuses living light;  
 Man dies to sin, then dies no more forever,  
 But dwells in God, to be dissevered *Never!*

## A DAY AT METTRAY.

In the spring of 185- I found myself at the ancient city of Tours, in the heart of France, prostrated by a sudden attack of pulmonary hemorrhage. I had fallen into good hands; an English gentleman, to whom I had letters, received me at once into his own house, and he and his excellent wife, one of the most charming French women I have ever met, were unwearied in their efforts to aid in my restoration to health, and to dispel the *ennui* engendered by the languor of disease. Their efforts were crowned with success; for after some weeks of suffering, I began rapidly to improve, and by May-day had been pronounced by my physician fairly convalescent. With returning health, however, came restlessness; reluctant to make such demands upon the time of my host and hostess as had been voluntarily accorded to me in my more serious illness, I sought to amuse myself with the city and its objects of interest. Tours is a dull town, as decayed towns are apt to be; and although some of its reminiscences have their charm for the antiquarian and scholar, yet it has little, either in its buildings, its history or its scenery, to attract or amuse the restless Anglo-Saxon traveller. That little, however, I conned most thoroughly, for the same reason that a traveller, weather-bound at a country inn, will study the almanac; because I had nothing else to do. So I strolled upon the mall, looked off upon the fertile lands lying south of the Cher, counted the arches of that wonderful bridge over the Loire, which the inhabitants never tire of telling you is the finest in Europe; looked at the lofty dome-crowned towers of the cathedral of St. Gatien from all possible angles, and tried to climb them, but found my breath too short; searched for and found the tomb of fair Annie of Bretagne and her two children; wondered whether Gregory of Tours, who was once a bishop of this see, wrote his histories of the Merovingian Kings in any of the cloisters of the cathedral; pondered over the ruins of the ancient castle, and admired the solidity of its Roman foundations; queried which of the Cæsars it was that gave the town its ancient name of *Cæsarodunum*, and whether it was because the people were backward in paying their taxes that he was exhorted to *dun* 'em; lounged through the library and looked, with rather sleepy indifference, at that Evangile in gold letters, on which the kings of France took their oaths as abbots of the princely Abbey of St. Martin's; and finally, on the principle of reserving the best wine to the last of the feast, devoted the whole of two or three days to the investigation of the two lofty but ruinous towers, d'Horloge and de Charlemagne, which are all that remain

to mark the site of the Abbey of St. Martin's of Tours, once the wealthiest and most influential of all the monastic seats in France. This venerable ruin was interesting to me, not for its former wealth, or the succession of kings who deemed its abbacy an honor next to that of the throne of France, but as the home and last resting-place of Alcuin, the greatest teacher of the dark ages, who had an emperor and his entire court for his pupils, and taught them the rudiments of learning and the elements of philosophy; and then, wiser than his successors for a thousand years, persuaded his imperial pupil to promote the education of the masses. As an American, I could not but bow in reverence before the ruins of the abbey where he had once ruled and taught; for in him I saw the type of those sturdy Puritans, Saxons like himself, who, eight hundred and fifty years later, reared in every hamlet in New-England the school-house fast by the church. But here where his last years were passed, he was forgotten, or remembered only as an old monk who had died in the abbey. Disgusted at this ingratitude, weary with my walk among the ruins, and fully satisfied that there was nothing further worth seeing in Tours or its vicinity, I came to my lodgings that evening thoroughly out of humor: my fair hostess perceived the cloud on my brow, and, woman-like, sought to dispel it.

'Monsieur,' said she, 'vous n'avez visité pas la colonie?'

'La colonie,' I answered, 'qu'est-ce-que?'

'La colonie agricole de Mettray,' was her reply.

Here the husband interposed. 'I purpose,' he said, 'going to Mettray to-morrow, to see my old friend, M. Demetz, and shall be happy to have your company.'

'I should enjoy a visit there,' I replied, 'very much, for the fame of the colony at Mettray has reached us on the other side of the water, but only as a vague rumor, and I had entirely forgotten, though I intended to visit it when I left home, that it was in this vicinity. How far is it, pray?'

'About five miles,' he answered; 'a pleasant drive, for the road is of the best.'

'One favor,' I said, 'I must crave of you, if I am to be your companion, namely, that you will give me a more distinct idea than I now have, of the origin and design of the institution.'

'That I will willingly do,' he said, 'as we drive over in the morning.'

The next morning was fair and bright, and at an early hour we were on our way. Crossing the great bridge over the Loire, we proceeded northward over a level, alluvial country, passing on either hand for miles, fields of wheat and barley, which gave ample evidence of a fertile soil and careful culture.

As we passed into the open country, my host said: 'You asked me

last evening to give you some account of this agricultural colony, which the French regard, and with justice, as a model reformatory. I am not, as you are aware, given to hyperbole, and having my English prejudices, am not perhaps in danger of praising too highly a thoroughly French institution, but I regard M. Demetz as one of the most remarkable men of modern times, and my only regret is, that he is not an Englishman.'

'What was his history previous to his undertaking this colony?' I asked, 'for I think I have heard that the colony is only some eighteen or twenty years old.'

'It was founded in 1839,' said my friend. 'M. Demetz, who is now above sixty years of age, and of a wealthy and influential family, was elevated to the position of side-judge of the tribunal at Paris, at the age of twenty-five, and subsequently, in rapid succession, appointed judge of instruction, vice-president of the chamber of correctional police, and councillor of the royal court. In 1836, he was sent by the government to your country, to investigate the penitentiary and reformatory institutions of the United States, and soon after his return, feeling that he could not, as a judge, consign so many young offenders to a fate which would lead inevitably to a life of crime, he resigned his position as councillor, and receiving from the king, who highly esteemed him, the title of honorary councillor, determined to devote himself to what, it is now evident, was his life-work.'

'You speak,' I said, 'of his consigning juvenile offenders to a life of crime; do not your laws distinguish between the young criminal and the hardened adult villain?'

'The Code Napoleon,' answered my friend, 'provides that youth under the age of sixteen may be acquitted of offences charged upon them, under the plea of having acted 'without discernment,' but at the same time requires that they should be detained for a term of months or years, in prisons or houses of correction, in which, mingling with older and more accomplished rogues, they are ready, when discharged, to prey upon the community, and often become our most adroit and depraved criminals. It was to rescue them from such a future that M. Demetz resolved to establish a reformatory colony. He gathered around him, in the beginning of 1839, a little company of men of high social position, like-minded with himself, among whom were the Count Gasparin, Count Léon d'Ourches, and the Vicomte de Bretignières de Courteilles. The last-named, who had been for many years an intimate friend of M. Demetz, offered a tract of between thirty and forty acres of his own estate at Mettray, for a location, and his own services in aid of the work. These gentlemen organized a '*Société Paternelle*,' of which Count Gasparin was chosen President, which should be the basis of their operations, and proceeded to their work. They

first gathered a little company of young men, selected with great care, and commenced instructing them and training them for assistants. This was in June, 1839. By January, 1840, they had erected two buildings, and had so far prepared some of the most promising of their assistants for the work, that they ventured to make a beginning. They commenced with nine or ten boys from the prison at Fontrevault, and added gradually to their number, till, at the close of their first year they had nearly one hundred. These were divided into families of forty, each family being under the charge of a *chef* or *père-de-famille*, two *sous-chefs*, and two elder brothers, (*frères aînés*.) chosen by the boys themselves, from the best-behaved of their number. They were at first employed in the erection of houses for the accommodation of other pupils, and in gardening and agriculture. As their numbers increased, the directors leased five hundred acres of land, which they have since purchased, and Count Léon d'Ourches gave them one hundred and sixty thousand francs (thirty thousand dollars) to erect a church, a school-house, and one or two family houses. They have now eighteen houses, besides offices, etc., around their church, and three farm-houses at some distance, which are occupied by smaller families, aside from a branch colony, the Orphrasière, about eighty miles distant, where a few of their best boys are sent during the last six or eight months of their time. The Vicomte de Courteilles died in 1852, very suddenly. It was a great loss to the colony, but M. Demetz is, and has been from the first, the *soul* of the institution. He is ably seconded, however, by the Vice-Director, M. Blanchard, who is thoroughly imbued with his spirit.'

'What compensation,' I asked, 'does M. Demetz receive for such arduous labors as must fall to his lot as director?'

'From the first,' my friend replied, 'he has devoted his whole time, services, and fortune to the work, without fee or reward. He occupies a house on the grounds of the colony, partakes of the same plain fare with his *colons*, and regards himself as fully identified with them in their interests. The Vicomte de Courteilles never received any salary, but he lived on his estate, a little distance from the colony, though at his own request he was buried in the same cemetery with the boys who have died here. M. Blanchard has received no salary till the last two or three years, but since the greater part of the care devolved on him, he has four thousand francs, and his maintenance. But here we are at the colony.'

As he spoke, we drove up to a gateway, opening into what, but for its numerous buildings, would have seemed a nobleman's park. The whole grounds were surrounded by a beautiful quickset hedge, and at a little distance rose the spire of the chapel, a neat and tasteful edifice, capable of seating, as I afterwards learned, one thousand persons.



On either hand were offices, and on one side a fine school-house. A broad avenue led from the chapel to the gateway, on each side of which were nine dwellings about forty by twenty feet, and three stories high, between which were sheds and workshops. At a little distance was a house occupied by the members of the 'School of Paternal Correction,' an institution, my friend informed me, for the sons of wealthy parents, who were disobedient and refractory, and were sent here for training. Nearer the gate we had entered were the residences of MM. Demetz and Blanchard, as well as a building for the council of *chefs-de-famille*, who met twice a week; and opposite these the school of foremen, the infirmary, laundry, bakery; the apartments for the sisters of charity, the kitchens, and the other shops and offices necessary for the establishment. The grounds were admirably arranged and laid out with the utmost taste. The buildings and plan of the grounds, my friend said, were designed by M. Blouet, who accompanied M. Demetz to America in 1836. A *colon* approached, as we drove up to M. Demetz' residence, and took charge of our horses. We alighted, and were met at the door by M. Demetz, who welcomed my friend with great cordiality, and me also, when he understood that I was from America. Despite his almost superhuman labors, he retained a look so youthful and vivacious, that I should not have supposed his age to be more than fifty. He inquired earnestly in regard to our American reformatories, and could not understand why our people, usually so prompt to acknowledge and adopt the most improved processes of instruction, as well as the latest discoveries in science and the arts, should not have learned, ere this, that the family system was the one best adapted to reform these youthful delinquents.

As, however, my friend had some special business with M. Demetz, who was to leave that evening for a long-promised visit to England, he introduced me at once to M. Blanchard, a noble-looking man, with a most benevolent face, who very courteously proposed to accompany me in a tour of inspection through the colony. To this I gladly assented, for though familiar with the congregated system of our American reformatories, I had never yet witnessed the practical workings of the family system.

M. Blanchard spoke English with the fluency of a native, and I found myself, therefore, not hampered by a foreign language in making my inquiries.

Our first call was upon the school of foremen. Here were in training about twenty-five young men, a part of whom were acting already as *sous-chefs* or *contre-maitres*,\* and the remainder were preparing to take similar positions as soon as there should be a vacancy.

---

\* Industrial teachers, or masters of the workshops.

‘The instruction and board in this school,’ said M. Blanchard, ‘are gratuitous, and we are thus able to make a careful selection from the applicants; yet from one-third to one-fourth are dismissed for want of adaptation to the work. It requires peculiar abilities to make even a successful *contre-maitre*.’

‘How long is your course of instruction?’ I inquired.

‘About three years,’ was the reply, ‘though at the end of the first year they usually receive a small compensation, and at the end of the second from forty to sixty dollars, beside board and lodging. If they become *chefs* they receive one hundred dollars, aside from their maintenance, and after a time are usually called away to better positions elsewhere.’

‘What are they taught?’ I asked.

‘Mathematics, geography, geology, scientific agriculture, farriery, chemistry, vocal and instrumental music, the art of teaching, and the principles of religion. They are soon employed, also, in teaching the younger boys, and thus acquire a knowledge of the practice, as well as of the theory of teaching.’

Our next call was at the infirmary. This, as well as the pharmacy, cooking, washing, sewing, and accounts, was in charge of the sisters of charity. Order and neatness prevailed here, and the most profound silence. The regulations of the infirmary were posted upon the walls, and after reading them, I said to M. Blanchard, as we passed to another building:

‘Does not this absolute silence and solemnity induce a depression unfavorable to the speedy recovery of the sick?’

‘It might with you,’ he replied, ‘since you are a graver people than we; but with our vivacious French boys, the permission to converse would be productive of so much excitement as to be far more injurious than silence.’

We next visited the stables. Here were some sixty head of cattle, all in the best condition, and with the most admirable arrangements for feeding, removing the litter, etc.

‘Our boys,’ said M. Blanchard, ‘are generally fond of animals. This is particularly the case with those from Normandy and Alsatia; this fondness we encourage, by putting one or more animals under the special charge of particular *colons*, as a reward for good behavior.’

As we passed one of the offices, my eye was attracted by the inscription over a box, which closed with a perforated cover, somewhat like, though much larger than, our letter-boxes: ‘*Pour les objets trouvés.*’

‘Are so many things found upon your premises,’ said I, ‘as to require such a receptacle as this?’

M. Blanchard smiled. ‘That,’ said he, ‘is our method of allowing

a boy, who has yielded to temptation, and feels the reproaches of conscience, to make restitution without being publicly brought to shame. Theft has been the besetting sin with most of them before coming here, but it is very seldom the case that they take any thing after the first few weeks of their stay here, and our box shows, almost every week, the struggles of even the new-comers, with the reproaches of an awakened conscience. We will pass,' he continued, 'to the school-house and the chapel, before entering the dwellings, though it is not now our hour of instruction.'

We accordingly walked along the gravelled paths of the broad avenue, and glancing at the dwellings, I noticed that each had an inscription. This had the name of Strasburg, that of Orleans, the next of Léon d'Ourches, and its fellow opposite, that of Madame Hebert. M. Blanchard saw that my attention was directed to these names.

'The name of the founder of each house is inscribed upon it,' he said. 'The cities which furnished us the means for erecting some of them exact a pledge that we shall receive each year a certain number of *colons* from their houses of correction.'

We entered the school-house, a fine commodious room, but, like all the rest, very plain. Upon its walls, as upon those of the infirmary, and, as I afterward noticed, the dwellings and workshops, was the sentence, several times repeated: 'God sees me.'

'How much time do you devote to instruction?' I asked.

'About fourteen hours per week now for our older boys, and about seventeen for the younger ones,' was the answer. 'At one time we reduced the time for the instruction of the older boys to eight hours; but I think it was an error. The *paysans* and *ouvriers* were fearful our boys would be better educated than their children; but they now begin to understand that an intelligent boy, who is at the same time upright in his conduct, is more useful than an ignorant one.'

'What do you teach them?' I inquired.

'Reading, writing, arithmetic, linear drawing, if they have a taste for it, vocal and instrumental music, as means of procuring a livelihood, and the rudiments of scientific agriculture, and the care of animals in health and disease.'

We passed next to the chapel, in the rear of which were the punishment cells, so arranged that each inmate could listen to the services and see the priest, but could neither see nor be seen by, the other boys. The chapel itself was neat and commodious, and M. Blanchard said that the music was hardly excelled out of Paris. As we came out of the chapel, my ear caught the sound of martial music.

'Our *colons* are coming,' said M. Blanchard; 'we will remain here, and they will defile past us. It is their dinner hour.'

Soon they came in sight, turning the corner of a pretty grove. There were about four hundred and fifty in the procession, a part being in the work-shops, and three families at the outlying farms. At the head was one of the Chefs, in a uniform nearly like that of the French line. By his side marched a lad, one of the Elder Brothers, M. Blanchard said, bearing a fine flag, at the top of which was inscribed, '*Honneur a la Famille,*' and on the flag-staff a scutcheon bearing the name '*Orleans.*' The '*Orleans*' family followed in platoons, keeping step to the music, and evidently full of life and animation. The band followed this family, and were followed in turn by the Strasburg family, and then by others, each family group under its own *chef* and *sous-chefs*. As they passed the steps of the chapel on which we stood, the standard-bearer lowered his standard, and each *colon*, as his platoon went by, made the military salute.

'On what principle,' I asked, 'is your standard-bearer selected?'

'He must be an Elder Brother,' M. Blanchard replied, 'of a family, none of whose members have, for the previous week, incurred punishment. The family Orleans have held the standard now for three months. To them belongs, also, on account of their good conduct, the right to hang out the Medal of Tours.'

'And what may that medal be?' I inquired.

'You may perhaps recollect,' was his answer, 'that in June, 1856, our larger rivers were much swollen by long-continued rains, and inundations were very general along their banks. The Loire, in particular, rose to an unprecedented height, and the city of Tours was in great danger of destruction. The levee on its banks showed signs of giving way, and all the available force of the city seemed insufficient to preserve it. M. Demetz was, at that time, absent, and I stated to the boys the danger which threatened the city, at the same time apprising them that it would be at no small risk of life that those who assisted them must labor. They sprang at once to their feet, crying: 'Let us go and help them.' I went at their head; and for forty-eight hours, they worked incessantly; and though often in great danger, not one shrank from his toil, nor was there the least disorder or lack of discipline. A corps of topographical engineers could not have done better. They did not desist until the levee was rendered perfectly safe; and then marching in perfect order to the colony, they voluntarily proposed to give up their little savings for the relief of those who had suffered by the flood. I *did* feel proud of my *colons* then,' said the good man, a tear glistening in his eye. 'The city of Tours, feeling that their preservation was, in a great degree, owing to the labors of our boys, wished to reward them; but they refused to receive any compensation, and the authorities ordered a medal to be struck and presented to us. See! they are hanging it upon the front of the House Orleans. Let us go and look at it.'

One of the boys, whom, by the red lace on his sleeve, I recognized as one of the Elder Brothers, handed us the medal. It bore the inscription, 'A LA COLONIE DE METTRAY, LA VILLE DE TOURS, RECONNAISSANTE. INONDATION, 1856.'

'To be the guardians of this medal,' said M. Blanchard, 'is one of the highest honors we can confer on one of our families. But come, let us enter and see how our *colons* live.'

As we were about to enter the door, M. Blanchard pointed to an inscription upon the walls. It was in these words: 'Let us love one another; for love is from God.'

'Do your boys obey the injunction?' I asked.

'Far more fully than you would suppose,' was the reply. 'You will, I think, find few private families where there is more fraternal affection than among our *colons*.'

The ground floor of the house we entered was divided, by low partitions, into four work-shops, and in the centre was a small elevated platform, from which all those employed in each shop could be seen. This, M. Blanchard said, was the *contre-maitre's* place. The work-shops were not so fully occupied now as some years since, as there was a strong prejudice against allowing the colony to sell any of the products of their labor. Whatever was needed for their own consumption was, with very few exceptions, produced there, but little beside. This, for a time, had seriously embarrassed them; but by the most rigid economy and the liberal assistance of kind friends both in England and France, they had been able to free themselves from debt. 'One circumstance in this connection showed the spirit which animates all those connected with the colony. When it was found necessary, in consequence of the embarrassments of 1848-9, to reduce the expenses of the establishment, and it was decided to dismiss twenty of the assistants, the remaining teachers, all young men of fine abilities, and most of them having already received offers of double their present salary if they would leave us, came to the directors, and desired to relinquish one half of their salaries, in order to relieve the colony from debt, and each family of *colons* offered their entire savings to preserve Mettray.'

We ascended to the second floor. With the exception of a small room and some closets partitioned off at the end, it was in one room, and through the middle was a table, at which twenty-three or twenty-four persons were dining. The food consisted of a small quantity of meat, beans, bread, and soup, and a gill cup of *vin ordinaire*, to each boy. The *sous-chef* sat at the head of the table, and carved, and the Elder Brother at the foot, while a pupil in waiting — a duty performed in turn, M. Blanchard said, by each *colon* — carried the food to the boys. This was the *meat* day, of which, M. Blanchard informed me, there

were two each week; the intervening days, the dinner consisted of beans, butter, salt, and onions. This, though appearing to us but meagre fare for boys engaged in severe labor, is fully up to the standard of the diet of the peasant class in France, and it would be impolitic to feed the boys better than the children of peasants in good circumstances are fed.

On the sides of the room hammocks were suspended by hooks. At night, I was told, the beams, which now supported the tables, were so arranged as to afford attachment for the hammocks, and the boys occupied them, the head of one being opposite the feet of the next, to prevent conversation; and the little room at the end being occupied by the *chef* or *sous-chef*, and having Venetian blinds toward the large sleeping room, he could watch the boys without being seen. This arrangement had served to prevent combinations among viciously-inclined boys. The room above was constructed in precisely the same way.

I had noticed, among the young men at the table, one in the uniform of the Zouaves, and asked M. Blanchard why he was there.

‘He is an ensign in a Zouave regiment now quartered at Tours,’ was the reply. ‘He was formerly one of our *colons*, and now has come, as they all do when near us, to visit us. Did you notice the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his coat? He received that for his bravery in the Crimea.’

‘I did notice it,’ I replied; ‘but I also noticed what seemed to me a silver ring on the third finger of his left hand, of which he seemed a great deal more proud than of his decoration. It was an engagement-ring, I presume.’

‘Not at all,’ said M. Blanchard. ‘That ring is the badge of good behavior which those *colons* receive whose conduct has been irreproachable for two years after leaving Mettray, and its reception gives them a membership in ‘The Association of the Founders.’

At this moment the young officer passed us, making the military salute as he saw M. Blanchard.

‘Jacques,’ said M. Blanchard, ‘let me take your ring a moment.’

The young officer complied, and, passing it to me, M. Blanchard said,

‘Read the legend.’

It was, ‘*Loyauté passer tout.*’ I returned it to the young officer with a word of compliment, at which he bowed politely and passed out.

‘He has asked the privilege,’ said M. Blanchard, ‘of contributing annually half the pension (two hundred francs) which accompanies his decoration, to the aid of Mettray. Is it not something to have inspired such love as that in the hearts of our *colons*?’



‘Do those who have left you often revisit the colony?’ I asked.

‘As frequently as possible when in our neighborhood,’ was his reply, ‘and many of them take long journeys to see us. M. Demetz once asked one of our boys, who was apprenticed at Tours, if he enjoyed coming back among us. ‘Ah! M. Demetz,’ was his reply, ‘when I see the spire of the chapel I can’t walk any longer; I have to run to get here quickly enough.’ When sick or out of employment, our *ex-colons* are always expected to return here, as their home. Poor fellows! the greater part of them have no other. We never suffer them to go to the hospital.’

‘What means do you use,’ I asked, ‘to ascertain their condition and conduct after leaving you?’

‘We have a Society of Patronage,’ was the reply, ‘whose office is at Paris, but whose members are found in every considerable town of France. Wherever a boy goes, he is placed in charge of a patron, who watches over him, sees that he is well treated, encourages him to good behavior, and, once in three months, reports to us his conduct, filling up a blank which we furnish him for the purpose. We also correspond with each boy who leaves us.’

‘How many are there of whom you have lost sight entirely?’ was my next question.

‘Not more than twelve out of nearly thirteen hundred,’ was the reply.

‘And how large a per centage relapse into crime?’

‘Not quite ten per cent.’

‘How many escape?’

‘None.’

‘Do you not have some *very* bad boys brought you from the prisons?’

‘Yes, very many.’

‘How do you subdue them?’

‘Occasionally, though very rarely now, they are utterly incorrigible, and we are obliged to remand them to the prison. About four per cent of all who have entered here have been of that character; but usually it is sufficient to put them into one of our best families, like this of Orleans, for instance. The boys will take good care that the new-comers behave well, lest they should injure the standing of the family; for the misconduct of one member would deprive the family of the privilege of carrying the banner; and before long, these bad boys learn that it is pleasant to do well. When they have been here three months, if their conduct has been uniformly good, they can be inscribed on the Tablet of Honor, which secures them some advantages and privileges. About seventy-five per cent of our boys are so

inscribed, although the slightest infraction of discipline or misconduct causes the erasure of their names.'

'What do you do with a boy who will not work?'

'Shut him up in a cell, and keep him from all employment. In a day or two he will be very willing to work.'

'Did not the social troubles of 1848 affect your *colons* seriously?'

'No. They were a little agitated at first; but we narrated to them the course of events, and explained the causes which led to them, and they became tranquil. Once, I think, our military discipline saved us. Some four or five families of our boys had been at work in the fields, and were returning in their usual military order, with their implements on their shoulders, when they were overtaken by a company of *ouvriers*, who had been patrolling the streets, with flags flying and trumpets sounding, and having become a little excited with drink, were shouting at the tops of their voices, '*Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité.*' 'Boys,' said their leader, as they overtook the head of our column, 'do not be such fools as to work any longer. Join us and be merry. Bread is plentiful; it is ready for you without labor.' The *chef* who was in command of the column saw the danger. '*Colons,*' said he, 'halt! form in line.' They obeyed at once. Then turning to the *ouvriers*, he said: 'My friends, you have learned to labor; you have a right to rest. Leave these lads; let them labor now, and when their turn comes, they may rest as you do. *Colons!* forward, march!' They hesitated for a moment, but accustomed to obey the military command, each one fell into his place, and marching rapidly, they soon left the disappointed *ouvriers* far behind.'

As we passed along toward M. Blanchard's residence, I noticed the masts and rigging of a ship.

'That,' said M. Blanchard, 'is for the training of our boys from the seaboard, and especially from Brittany. They very generally become sailors.'

'How many of your *colons* follow agricultural pursuits after leaving you?' I asked.

'Not quite one-half. The boys from the large towns dislike farming, and either enter the army or become mechanics.'

In the room of the council of *chefs* and *sous-chefs*, which we had now entered, I noticed two medals of the Exposition of 1855.\* They were of the second class, one for a root-cutter, the other for a plough-shoe, both the invention of *colons*. The root-cutter had been patented.

Desirous of comparing the cost of this system of reformatory education with that of our American congregated system, I inquired: 'What are your expenses, per head, per annum?'

---

\* The World's Fair held at Paris that year.

‘For food,’ was M. Blanchard’s reply, ‘one hundred and twenty-three francs, (about twenty-three dollars.) For all expenses, three hundred and thirty-seven francs, six centimes,’ (sixty-three dollars and twenty cents.)

‘And how large a part of this do your *colons* earn?’

‘About seventy francs,’ (thirteen dollars and twelve cents.) ‘The rest is paid by government.’

After a plain but wholesome repast, served with the most scrupulous neatness, M. Blanchard said: ‘There is one more place which I wish to show you — our cemetery.’

Expressing my willingness to accompany him, we proceeded, arm-in-arm, to a gentle knoll, at some distance from the chapel, where lie the dead of Mettray. A more quiet and tasteful rural burial-place I have seldom seen, even in *la belle France*. A grove shelters it from the gaze of passers-by, and on the other side, a sparkling stream ripples over the gravel, and lulls one to repose. Flowers and shrubs in great profusion adorn the walks; the cypress and willow sigh their requiems for man’s mortality, and wreaths of *immortelles* crowning the more recent graves, tell of his hopes for the future. Conspicuous above the humble graves of the *colons*, by which it was surrounded, was the neat but plain monument to the Vicomte de Courteilles. Beside his name, it contains only the inscription, extracted from his will: ‘*J’ai voulu vivre, mourir, et resusciter avec eux.*’\* The graves, each with a cypress tree at its head, form a parallelogram, and in the centre is a cross. The care of the cemetery, M. Blanchard said, was the charge of the Elder Brothers. ‘The first thing,’ he added, ‘which seemed to soften the hearts of the hardened boys with whom MM. Demetz and Courteilles commenced their experiment here, was the funeral of one of their number. They had witnessed the burials of prisoners at the prisons from whence they had come — a few deal boards, half-a-dozen shovelsful of quick-lime, and a hurried formula, in a dead language, repeated with no apparent sympathy, were all; but when they saw the neat coffin, heard the mournful dirge played by the band, and saw with what reverence the burial-service was chanted, and MM. Demetz and Courteilles walked as chief-mourners, they involuntarily exclaimed: ‘It is true, then, that they value us for ourselves; they don’t shovel our dead bodies into a hole with quick-lime. From that hour they felt that though they had been criminals, they were not friendless.’

We were returning from the cemetery, when the ringing of the bells at the village of Mettray attracted our attention.

‘Ah!’ said M. Blanchard, ‘there is a fire in the village; our boys will go to help put it out.’

---

\* ‘It is my desire to live, to die, and to rise with them.’

In another moment the boys were formed in two divisions, each with its engine, and a *sous-chef* at its head, trumpet in hand, and running at full speed, yet keeping step admirably, for the scene of the fire. My eye fell, however, upon two stout boys, standing near one of the houses, and crying as if their hearts would break.

‘Why are not those boys in the fire-brigades?’ I asked.

‘They have committed some offence,’ was the reply, ‘and hence their *chef* denies them the privilege of doing good to others — the highest reward of good conduct.’

Approaching M. Demetz’s house, I found my host of Tours awaiting my return; and bidding the courteous and excellent MM. Blanchard and Demetz farewell, I entered the carriage, fully satisfied that in the colony of Mettray, and the similar institutions of which it had furnished the model, France was solving most admirably a social problem, which has vexed the wisest of our political economists and statesmen.

---

T O S — H —.

He who on sadness waits  
And is devoted to no other spirit,  
Who sits in gloom eternally, and falls  
A cursing Fate, and nurses still his woe,  
Shall have his fill of all unhappiness —  
Of all men he shall be most miserable.  
So easy is it for self-clouded eyes  
To see but darkness and all horrid shapes,  
The children of so sadly wayward Fancy!  
But the clear spirit fails not ever. Dark  
May be the vista that environs it;  
Envy and Malice may put out their tongues  
And harm be ever hanging in the air:  
What cares it, when it needs but look within,  
Where is all peace, a heavenly quietness!  
So easy is it for the pure of heart  
To flee the storm that threatens all abroad  
And find a haven it may never reach!

Courage, my gentle friend! Look ever up!  
These thorns that pierce you, and these clouds that frown,  
Are but rough friends, whom you will one day own,  
And bless their honest ministry — not free  
From transient pain, but pregnant of all good.  
Mayhap the plant now watered with your tears  
Is not to blossom here: some time it will,  
In balmier air, fed by far other dew.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

---

MADAME DE STAEL'S CORINNE. Translated by ISABEL HILL: with Metrical Versions of the Odes, by L. E. LANDON. 12mo pp. 396.

VOLTAIRE'S HENRIADE. Edited by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. 12mo, pp. 407.

PASCAL'S THOUGHTS. Translated by O. W. WIGHT. 12mo, pp. 552.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S MARTYRS. Edited by O. W. WIGHT. 12mo, pp. 451.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES. Translated by ELIZUR WRIGHT, Jr. 2 vols. 12mo.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extent to which the French language is understood and cultivated in this country, there is a very large proportion of Americans who, with decided intellectual tastes and habits of self-culture, are too busy in their respective pursuits to engage in the study of any foreign language: yet reading with them is a necessity, and not a few read history, philosophy, and criticism with intelligent zeal, and earnestly aim to atone for the want of academic discipline, by the generous culture obtainable from the judicious study of English literature. These facts are not conjectured, but amply evidenced by the statistics of libraries all over the land, and by the habitudes of intelligent families. The zest of knowledge thus acquired, the literary taste thus confirmed, soon craves a wider field, and to know other literatures, to obtain a good general idea of the standard authors of antiquity and of modern Europe, becomes a desideratum. Hence the enormous sales of good translations of the Greek and Latin Classics—like the series which the HARPERS continue to republish from BOURN'S Classical Library; hence the popularity of translations from the German, of which so many have been already executed by our own countrymen; and hence, also, one great motive for the enterprise of MESSRS. DERBY AND JACKSON of New-York, in bringing out a complete set of the best obtainable English translations of the standard authors of France. Heretofore, such of them as were to be found at book-stores or in public libraries, have been incomplete, badly edited, and inadequately translated. The object of the publishers, in this instance, was to provide such an edition as would do justice to the originals as far as the text is concerned; and, at the same time, furnish the reader with all requisite illustrations for com-

prehending the special claims, influence, and rank of each author. The services of a gentleman well acquainted not only with the language, but with the critical history of literature in France, were secured; each celebrated work was re-examined and compared with existent translations; prefaces and notes were assiduously prepared; critical estimates thoroughly collated; the best biographical data gleaned; and thus each volume was presented with every advantage which conscientious scholarship could realize. The publication of DERBY AND JACKSON'S edition of the French classics commenced about a year since, and has steadily progressed. The choice of the initial work was highly judicious. Old MONTAIGNE comes nearer the sympathies of those whose chief intellectual pabulum has been derived from English literature, than any of the early writers of France. His colloquial ease of diction, his comments on things familiar to daily human experience, his copious and choice quotations, his anecdotes and personal confessions and speculations, are so like, in scope and quality, some of the endeared British essayists, that he is relished at once by all who speak the English language. The edition of MONTAIGNE most familiar in this country, has been a large octavo, with fine print and double columns; and the annotations are of no later date than HAZLITT'S; whereas, within the last fifteen years, new discoveries and superior criticisms have thrown fresh interest over MONTAIGNE; of all these, the present editor has availed himself wisely and well; and by a new and copious memoir of MONTAIGNE, and the substitution of four neat and beautifully printed duodecimo volumes for the old, clumsy octavo, the pioneer essayist is introduced to exclusive readers of English, under every advantage, and must, in this form, take his place in all the libraries, and become more universally the favorite of this generation. But if it is essential to an average education, in this age and country, to know the old French essayist, not less so is it to understand VOLTAIRE'S influence upon subsequent modes of thought and styles of writing. His famous epic and his model history — though time has greatly diminished their intrinsic interest, will ever be exemplars of the taste of his age and the genius of the author. Accordingly, the 'Charles XII.' and the 'Henriade' are reproduced, in this series, in a most readable English dress, and with able introductions. At the other extremity of opinion, to show what the acute Gallic mind can achieve when inspired by faith, we have PASCAL; and the 'Thoughts,' 'Letters,' etc., of the great and pious thinker will commend themselves to the more thoughtful class of readers as the most valuable of all. There are two names associated with the literature of France that appeal to the humane sympathies, and are perhaps among the most familiar household words of foreign birth — FENELON and FONTAINE — the one endeared by a pure religious urbanity and culture, which transcends all sectarian bounds; and the other synonymous with felicitous invention — FONTAINE; the 'Telemachus' of the one and the 'Fables' of the other, form most appropriate additions to this series; and they are translated with rare skill and grace, so as to preserve their classic tone.

All these works belong to the earlier periods of French literature, which appears in its germ in MONTAIGNE, and culminates in that brilliant age, which was



signalized by the triumphs of VOLTAIRE, FENELON, LA FONTAINE, and PASCAL. As the design of the publishers was to give a complete library of the French standard writers, more recent works of celebrity have been included; and two better names to give popularity to the whole, could not have been selected than those of CHATEAUBRIAND and Madame DE STAEL. Although contemporaries, the genius of these writers were singularly diverse; and yet, each was and is a representative mind, whose career is intimately associated with the political and social transitions incident to the reign of the First NAPOLEON; CHATEAUBRIAND indicating, with rare eloquence, the conservative, and DE STAEL the speculative and experimental tendency of that wonderful crisis; the former's 'Martyrs' is a prose epic of Christianity; the latter's 'Germany' and 'Corinne,' are glowing and thoughtful pictures of national life, literature, and development, wherein philosophy combines with romance as only they can in the grasp of a French soul. Such are the valuable and interesting works thus far published of this much-needed and admirably-produced series of translations of the French classics — the success of which tasteful enterprise will, we trust, be commensurate with its merits.

---

MODERN PHILOLOGY: its Discoveries, History, and Influence; with Maps, Tabular Views, and an Index. By BENJAMIN W. DWIGHT. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND BURR. 1859.

MR. DWIGHT is in advance of all collaborators, in this country at least, in attempting a popular exposition of the science of comparative philology. His work, founded on essays which first appeared in religious periodicals, is written in an ambitiously rhetorical style that may have added to the effect of quarterly articles, but is entirely inappropriate in a volume devoted to a scientific subject and designed as a text-book for schools. With this single criticism, the work deserves commendation as containing perhaps a greater amount of information, on a subject of leading interest to scholars at the present time, than can be found in any other single volume. After giving a sketch of the classifications of languages, it traces the Indo-European development in all its branches, from the Arians of India to the Celts of Britain. The statement of the peculiarities of different languages and races is full enough to give an intelligent general comprehension of the subject, and is in some cases more definite and precise than is warranted by the results thus far obtained from modern researches. Thus the old Egyptian language is decisively classed by the author in the Semitic family. On the contrary, the principal and latest authorities, show that the Egyptian had nearly as much affinity with the Indo-European languages as with the Semitic, and make it probable that Egypt was peopled by an early offshoot from the undivided Asiatic stock, and that its language was a form of the original Asiatic tongue, the common parent alike of the Semitic and Indo-European families. An interesting portion of the work is the history of modern philology, containing sketches of the principal laborers in this department.

WAYSIDE-GLIMPSES, NORTH AND SOUTH. By LILLIAN FOSTER. In one Volume: pp. 250. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON.

THE letters which compose this neatly-executed volume, (which reaches us at a late hour,) were written at different periods during the last few years, and describe, as the title implies, 'men, manners, and scenery,' in different portions of our country. Mrs. FOSTER is not wrong in modestly inferring that they will be found to impart both instruction and interest, 'in relation to the various routes of travel, as well as the places of fashionable resort for artists, statesmen, and men of business, with their families, during the pleasant season of the year;' thus furnishing those who design to journey in the United States, whether American or foreigner, a synopsis of pleasant routes, with the rendezvous of intelligent and refined travellers. The work, remarks a contemporary, 'is marked by an earnestness of spirit, a pleasant gift of description, and a correctness of judgment, which show that literature is the author's proper vocation.' But even were the work less varied and interesting than it is — and stern criticism might pick flaws in some few instances — still the circumstances under which it is written and circulated, should commend it warmly to the public: the writer is a widow, and is using, in her bereavement and sorrow, the best means at her command, for the support of a little family left entirely dependent upon her exertions.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS: Translated and Copiously Annotated by GEORGE RAWLINSON, assisted by Col. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON and Sir J. G. WILKINSON. Vol. II. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1860.

THE second volume of this elaborate illustration of ancient history is chiefly occupied with Egypt. More ancient than Greece and Rome, than Ecbatana, Nineveh, or Babylon, more ancient than any other recorded facts in history, are the exploits of the early Egyptian dynasties, whose monumental annals extend, according to the most authoritative interpretations, back into the fourth decade of centuries before our era. As geological science has demonstrated from the crust of the earth long periods of ante-historical time, so the researches in comparative philology and ethnology have rescued from the realm of myth and fable not only long periods of national existence, but the migrations, relationships, and general fortunes of the primitive races, and the broad outlines of an eventful and interesting history far behind the point which not many years ago was the terminus of historic certainty. The new English version constitutes but the smaller part of 'Rawlinson's Herodotus,' the larger portion consisting of notes and appendices, which embody the chief results, historical and ethnographical, that have been obtained in the progress of cuneiform and hieroglyphical discovery. Upon this subject the editors are original and distinguished authorities, and their illustrations are from the most recent sources of information. Among the many learned works in this department of historic inquiry, we know of no other which is at once so accessible and interesting, and so nearly exhaustive.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER NINE. — Among the earliest, the most genial, and up to the present time, the most popular of the contributors to this Magazine, we have long desired to mention the name of REV. FREDERICK W. SHELTON, author of 'SALANDER and the Dragon;' than which a more forceful portraiture of SLANDER has seldom been written; 'The Rector of St. Bardolph's, etc.: and of this second-named work, also, we cannot help saying in this place, that it embraces a series of good-naturedly satirical sketches, which every parish-clergyman, in the small villages of the country, must admit to be truthfully and admirably wrought out. Both works were, and continue to be, deservedly popular.

Mr. SHELTON, when first he became a contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, was not a clergyman. He had recently graduated at Princeton College, with distinguished honors; was an accomplished scholar; and with a literary style, even then, so smooth and flowing, as to indicate the 'cultured' features of his future compositions, when experience and practice should have ripened his powers to full maturity.

Well do we remember the first time that we had the pleasure to meet with the writer and long-time friend of whom we are speaking, at a pleasant village of Long-Island: a varied and extensive ocean-washed region, almost every part of which he has made familiar to our readers, in all sections of our common country, by his graphic and unmistakably natural, *life-like* descriptions. It was a most heavenly day in early spring; and after much enjoyable converse in the home of his boyhood, we took our first walk together up to a pleasant eminence on the 'Back-bone of Long-Island,' over-looking the wide-spread and beautiful bay of Jamaica. There and then it was 'sad yet sweet to be;' for we could not choose but think of one just laid in earth, who was with *us* when we were born, but with whom *we* were not, when he died. The fresh, yellow-

green trees had just expanded into leaf, and last year's verdure 'gave forth a good smell.' Afar off, we

— 'saw the dim blue Highlands,  
Coney, Oak, and other islands,  
Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea:'

and such was the character of our enjoyment, such our 'much and various talk,' that, as we have said, all these things we can at this moment recall, as if they were but of yesterday. Then and there was formed a friendship which has continued unbroken to this very hour; strengthened by long intimacy, and feeding the 'hunger of the heart' for the fraternal affection of which we had just been bereft, when a kind fortune brought us first together. Pardon this tribute: it could not be repressed.

Among Mr. SHELTON's first articles for the KNICKERBOCKER, were '*The Kushow Property*,' '*Peter Cram at Tinnecum*,' '*The Circus*,' and '*The Drama at Tinnecum*.' The first of these was a keen and especially 'telling' satire upon the rage for speculation in real estate so prevalent at that period, which threatened to turn all the Long-Island farms in the neighborhood of the metropolis into premature cities: the second, a most amusing sketch of a Yankee singing-master, who came to the little village to instruct the 'natives' in psalmody, where he met with singular rebuffs from old practitioners of his art: the third a description of a 'Circus,' so truthful, so charmingly written, that to this day, it is sent on in advance by the managers of circus companies, for publication in the village newspapers, previous to the advent of the 'Great Show:' while the fourth was especially rich as a broad burlesque. The longest contribution at this period, however, from Mr. SHELTON's pen, was '*The Country Doctor, an Auto-biography, written at the request of Glauber Saultz, M.D.*,' which ran through two or three volumes of the Magazine. It was unquestionably a narrative of events of actual occurrence in the experience of the writer's father, an eminent physician to the inhabitants of his native village and of all the country side, far and near. Many of these possessed the broadest humor, while others were replete with tender pathos; and all recorded in a style of the utmost directness and simplicity. It would not be 'fair' were we not to afford our present readers a touch of 'The Doctor's quality.' In our first extract, the reader will please to accompany the good physician along the banks of 'Dog River,' a queer little stream which took its rise nobody knew where among the hills, and turned a great many mill-wheels before it eventually found its way into Long-Island Sound. 'The Doctor' is suddenly startled by loud cries, as of some person in distress:

'On advancing a little farther, and turning an angle of the stream called Dove-tail Bend, I beheld a woman walking up and down the bank, wringing her hands and beating her breast, and filling the place with the bitterest lamentations. As this part of Dog River is extremely wild, lying within the gloom of old trees, and the foliage of its banks almost black in its luxuriance, the spectacle of this distracted creature, although she looked like any thing but a spiritual being, forcibly reminded me of one of those unhappy ghosts who moan upon the banks of Styx, and cannot cross, because their bodies have been deprived of burial. She did not at first perceive my approach, but continued to weep and talk to herself.

'DENNIS!' shrieked she, in a voice so sudden and piercing that it went through my ears, and then softening down, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed in a mournful tone: 'Oh, hinney, hinney! and is he gone, and is he gone?'

'I was affected by her genuine distress, and reined in my horse. 'My good woman,' said I, 'what is the matter? What makes you cry so?'

'She lifted up her eyes, red with weeping, and with a strong Irish accent, told the cause of her grief. It was a short story, but a melancholy. On the day before, her husband DENNIS and herself were returning at sun-down from their daily toil, when they had occasion to cross the stream in this place, where a tree thrown across formed a rustic bridge. She went before, carrying a basket on her arm, and reached the shore in safety. But alas! for DENNIS. He hesitated in the middle of the bridge, and lost his balance. First his right arm flew up into the air, and then his left; then his right, then his left. It was to no purpose. DENNIS had taken a 'drap' too much, and he fell into the stream. 'Farewell, daylight!' exclaimed he, throwing up his hands with philosophic resignation, and catching a glimpse for the last time of the sky. His affectionate wife hastened to his rescue, but he had sunk to rise no more. And now she ceased not to call upon him in the place where he had died, for his body had not yet been found.

'As this was a case which unhappily my medical art did not reach, I was on the point of departing, and leaving her to that grief which I could not assuage, when my attention was attracted by a rustling in the thicket, and a young fellow bounded forth with a gun in his hand, and dressed in sportsman's attire.

'Hallo!' shouted he; 'what the devil's to pay? What's all this hullabaloo about?'

'I explained to him in a few words the state of the case.

'Oh!' said he, in commiserating accents, 'I'm very, very sorry for you, my good woman. And would you like to know how to find him?'

'The poor creature paused, looked up eagerly, and invoked blessings on him: 'Oh! indade and indade *would* I!' replied she.

'Well,' said he, 'I'll tell you. Go into the woods ——'

'Yas.'

'And get a ten-foot pole ——'

'Yas.'

'And put a potato on the end of it, and put it in the creek, and *you'll catch him!*'

'The poor woman broke forth into a tempest of passion at such a sudden disappointment of her hopes, and poured imprecations on the head of the offender, with a volubility rarely equalled. I was myself vexed and indignant at this unfeeling speech, and on the impulse of the moment rebuked the young sportsman with a severity which forms no part of my disposition. To this he replied by sarcastic reflections on my horse and sulky, and finally had the insolence to let off both barrels of his fowling-piece near my horse's head, who was happily very 'hard of hearing,' or else if he had been young and spirited, he might have run away.'

Allow us to make you acquainted with 'Mr. RAINBOW,' a young country 'buck' of the purest water, whom our auto-biographist met at old Mrs. QUAINTRY's tea-party. He is a perfect 'picture,' all ready for framing:

'The last personage mentioned struck my eye. He was the complete model of a country dandy, and beautifully tricked off in a variety of costume. When he was in full dress, he wore pumps with red ribbons; on the present occasion, boots. His pan-

taloons were blown out at the knees, diminishing above and below. His coat was a swallow-tailed blue, with gilt buttons, stamped with some curious device. It was very superb. On his breast he wore a jet eagle, with wings outspread, from whose beak a chain descended to another large square ornament farther down, containing a representation, painted in water-colors, of a willow-tree, a woman, and a tomb-stone. On the tomb-stone you could scarcely distinguish the letters: 'In memory of . . . ' Here the chain was again attached, and thence went festooning in various directions about his vest, communicating with a pinch-beck watch, and at last dangling down in front, where it was terminated by three seals, three keys, and a ten-penny-bit. A silly expression of countenance, and hair plastered down with studied effect over a forehead not the most capacious, completed the whole of the external man.'

One morning in early autumn the doctor calls to see a poor English boy, literally a 'patient,' fading daily from consumption; dying among strangers, far from family and friends, in a strange land. His physician finds that the heartless woman of the house where he lodged had sent him to the Poor-House, where she herself, as a just retribution, afterward died. The Doctor determines to go at once and bring the young man away:

'AFTER driving for some distance over a desolate moor, I drew near the place of destination. A small house of one story, painted of a dusky red, stood alone, without fences, or trees, or garden, or any thing to alleviate its dreary solitude. There was no object on which the eye could rest, or the senses receive pleasure, but a dead flat extended on all sides, as far as the eye could reach. Every blade of grass in the vicinity was dead, and the pools of stagnant water were dried up by the summer sun, and exhibited their bottoms of baked clay; and myriads of flies and wasps were buzzing around, and inflicting their poisonous stings on all living things. How emblematic was this external cheerlessness and drought, of the hearts of that miserable brotherhood, to whom the public charity doles out its morsels with a pitiful hand, and will bestow on them nothing with pleasure but a grave! Here was indeed a fitting abode for Poverty to eke out the penalty of its misdemeanor in an affectionate fellowship with Crime; for Crime and Penury, forgetful of caste, seemed to stand upon equal ground, and to jibe and chatter on the brink of the grave. Here in this hidden place, where the foot of the world never intruded; where Charity never came with her open palm; where the light of smiles and cheerfulness was never known to break, and where the voice of lamentation, of bickering and complaint, never penetrated beyond the walls of the little pandemonium.

'The County Poor-House! What horrible associations are connected with the name! How do all, save those who are hardened and insensible, shrink back from those walls, and tremble at the humiliation of such a home! I had some curiosity to examine a place of which report did not speak favorably; and truly can I say, that its actual terrors deserve to be held up as a warning to those who have entered on the career of poverty and crime; and may God pity those who, without any fault of their own, have arrived at a place to which the grave itself is preferable!

'I entered the walls, and soon saw enough to disgust and sicken. The miserable inmates who were able to keep out of their beds and to eat, were assembled in the refectory; and there a sanctimonious man, whether chaplain or superintendent, or what not, with uplifted hands, was imploring Heaven's blessing—shall I be believed when I state the fact?—upon a dinner of BOILED HORSE-FEET. This species of shell-fish is



used in maritime districts to enrich the soil, and vast quantities are brought up out of the sea for that purpose, and are scattered over the fields, tainting the air for miles around. Swine are sometimes fattened on this fish, which renders the flesh so strong and disagreeable that it is scarce eatable. But it is only in the *County Poor-House* that this noxious food is administered to *men*. The paupers started from the table in disorder, when they beheld a stranger; and some of them coming toward me, stretched out their hands for alms.'

We are glad to state that this very sketch, copied into the Long-Island journals, effected in some respects a reform of this disgraceful abuse. A single farther extract must finish our quotations, and bring the present number of our narrative to a close. A most melancholy duty interrupts us, of which the reader will be apprised elsewhere. The terrible wreck of the 'Mexico' on the Long-Island shore at Rockaway, will be fresh in the minds of many of our older readers. Exceedingly graphic and forcible is the record of this event, as preserved in the 'Doctor's port-folio. On a bitter, 'bitter cold night' he has been sent for to visit a man dangerously ill at 'Far Rockaway,' in a lonely house, not far from the sea-shore :

'HAvING visited the man in his chamber, and ascertained that he was not very ill, I returned to the kitchen, and sitting down before the fire, forgot my chagrin in an enjoyment of the genial warmth. For some moments I found ample cause for rumination, gazing alternately at the bed of hickory coals and at the cobwebs which graced the rough beams overhead. Presently my ear was startled by the cries and voices of a number of men without; and one of them, thrusting his head in the door, gave the appalling cry: 'A SHIP ASHORE!'

'I started to my feet at the intelligence. 'Where does she lie?' I inquired.

'High upon the beach, two miles east of this.'

'What is she?'

'An English brig, full of passengers.'

'Merciful heavens!' I exclaimed; 'is there no relief for so many perishing souls?'

'I guess not. We are getting the neighbors together, to see if any thing can be done.'

'I was aroused to learn the whole of the horrid truth, and resolved to follow the men. From them I learned that the vessel had been ashore several hours, and would scarcely hold together till morning. To bring away any part of the crew would be difficult in the day-time, but nearly impossible in the tempestuous night. Yet there were brave hearts and strong hands in the small company which was collecting to the rescue. We stopped at every lonely house, and every fisherman's hut, on the approach to the sea-shore, and communicated the intelligence. Nor were those hardy men, who are accustomed to battle with the deep, deaf to the calls of humanity. They turned out with alacrity, and their wives and families kindled fires, and made provision for any of the shipwrecked sufferers who might be saved. We received occasional accessions to our number, as we journeyed along the deep sands, but we exchanged few words. For myself, I had nearly covered my head in the folds of a large cloak, to withdraw myself as much as possible from the blast, which had become almost too cutting to be endured.

'Suddenly the whole company halted. 'Hark!' said one of the number. We listened attentively, and then for the first time heard as it were a choir of human voices, low and plaintive, swelling and subsiding with the fitful gusts; sometimes dying alto-

gether away, then rising with greater energy above the noise of the tempest and booming of the waves. At this appalling sound, the men started off on a full run toward the beach. I followed, but soon paused, out of breath, having gained the summit of some hillocks of sand. I looked before me, and beheld the ocean lashed into fury by a succession of storms, and the white breakers rolling and bursting at my feet. I have never sailed in ships, nor been wafted to foreign climes; but I have walked often on the shores of the great Sea, and have ever found it the same solemn, sublime, and comparatively changeless scene.' . . . 'The night had become more clear; the moon rode high and less obscure in the heavens, seeming to look down with a cold apathy on a world of sorrow and distress. But that which riveted the gaze of the beholder, was a large ship, not many yards from the shore, her spars, yards and rigging distinctly visible, and her decks dark with human beings. The sea was making a continual breach over her, and the spray turned into ice as it fell upon those who sought a refuge in securer places from the waves. It was even possible to discern some of the minuter details of the melancholy congregation; the wild gestures which accompanied their heart-rending shrieks, and the arms uplifted to heaven in supplication; friends locked in each other's arms, and mothers clasping their infants in a cold embrace, vainly striving to cherish life by the last drop of their own bosoms. Horror-struck, I stood and gazed at the spectacle. I was too deeply absorbed to be any longer sensible of the bitter cold, but was trying to estimate by a vain arithmetic the amount of suffering and mortal agony brought together in so small a space, and how many trembling souls, whether of the guilty or purely innocent, were about to ascend from this tumultuous scene to the God who gave them.'

Vigorous efforts were made to save the poor unfortunates, but all in vain. Oars became clogged and shapeless with ice, and the strong man's arms paralyzed with cold. The rising sun of the next morning shone brightly upon the bark 'Mexico'—upon icicles pendent from spars and rigging, and upon men clad in complete icy armor: and this was the closing scene:

'It was two days after this, when the sea had given up many of its dead. The victims of the late disaster, as they had been recovered, were placed in a sort of hovel on the desolate shore, awaiting the recognition of friends. It was a singular and impressive spectacle. They lay there in all attitudes, rigidly frozen; some with their knees bent, and their hands clasped upon the breast, as if they had died in prayer; others exhibiting the contortions of those who had experienced great agony. Before the spirit had winged its flight, it seemed to have left an impress which remained fixed on the countenances of the dead. There you could trace unerringly the last emotions which had agitated their souls in death; the pangs of youth and age, of man and womanhood. There you saw the closed lips and high brow of the strong man who had met his fate with resolution, and the intenser anguish of him who feared to die. Children appeared to be still sobbing, and the half-mumbled cake remained in their clenched fists. Resignation and calm joy were depicted on the countenances of a few with an expression so life-like, that one might have deemed them the subjects of sweet dreams, and not of the long, last sleep. Death had spared the bloom on the frozen cheeks of a young girl. She lay with a crucifix clasped upon her breast. And where was the lover, who now lived in happy ignorance, but would on the morrow kneel at the side of the blooming corse! In the city, looking toward the sea with strained eyes, watching every white sail, and wishing the intervening time to be blotted out which debarred him from so much happiness!'

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN EDITOR. — There is a good degree of sly satire, and not a little genuine humor, and puncturative common-sense, in the '*Interview with an Editor*,' for which we are indebted to a new correspondent. He does n't 'cover a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter;' and his dialogue sounds very much as if it actually occurred. Read, please, and *see* if it does not:

'I KNOW you will be pleased to have an account of my first and only interview with GODWIN. It was striking and characteristic. It occurred in this wise: I was out of employment. I had suddenly been deprived of a situation which I had long held with no little pride and pleasure, as chore-boy to a country establishment. The fact is, (it is better to confess it,) I somewhat transcended the duties of the situation I filled. The mistress of the mansion in whose service I had long labored, although not particularly indulgent to her employées, looked with a charitable eye upon my short-comings or over-goings, especially those of a grave nature. This fact led me with some such perverseness of spirit as that which actuated JOHN WILKES when he was trying to find out by personal experience *what was* libellous, to ascertain by frequent experiments how great a latitude I might venture to take. I have since ascertained that the knowledge once acquired, it is hardly worth the cost.

'Being tolerably free from conventional prejudices, I determined to seek a livelihood in the most congenial employment I could find. The toy business at once suggested itself to me as a very desirable one; but a lack of capital prevented me from going into it. I next turned my attention to literature, being ashamed of no employment that would afford an honest livelihood. Before embarking very extensively into literature, I thought it necessary to bore some experienced literary personage for information, that being the very thing I in common with many others who make literature a calling, most lack. Of course I very naturally determined to make a victim of the most benevolent man I could think of.

'A relative of mine who has a great admiration for German literature, and especially for the philosophy of Kant, has contracted an acquaintance with two celebrated men of very antagonistical qualities. One of them is the well-known, charitable and affectionate divine, the reverend FROBIN HART GOSSLING, and the other is that learned and distinguished philosophical bigot and misanthropical litterateur, FITCHFOURAY GODWIN, Esq.; no relation to him of the *Evening Post*, though marvelous proper men, both of them. No three birds of the forest resemble each other less than GOSSLING, GODWIN, and my relative; yet they unite in one harmonious chant in praise of German philosophy. If there *are* any marks by which to distinguish transcendental philosophers, my impression is, that if the reader should see these three gentlemen moving arm-in-arm towards a lager beer saloon, the thought would not at once be irresistibly forced upon him that they were men of that stamp.

'In my straits for information with regard to literature, I could think of no more available victim than Mr. GODWIN. As it was necessary that I should have an interview with him, and my relative not being at hand to introduce me, I made use of his name to introduce myself. I had never seen Mr. GODWIN before, and was somewhat disappointed in his appearance. In the face he reminded me a little of

the representations of that great medical luminary, Mr. BOB SAWYER, as he appears in the illustrated editions of the Pickwick Papers. There was the same jolly twinkle in his eye, the same broad philanthropy and hopeful views of life expressed in his countenance, as distinguished the rather pensive-looking but cheerful SAWYER. He is apparently about fifty years of age, decidedly JOHN BULLISH in appearance, a stout, well-built, fine-looking man. This is my impression of him as near as I can now recollect. But if he should come into the room while I am writing this, I doubt if I should know him.

'His career has been a somewhat striking one. Previous to becoming editor of the Metropolitan, New-Light Ethical Clipper, he had started in New-England an institution which he intended as an opposition to the military school at West-Point. A moral discipline was to be substituted for a physical one; and it was thought (by those not connected with the establishment) that constant real fights would be substituted for sham ones. It was very successful, I mean the fights were successful, the project was a failure. After this he became editor of the M. N. L. E. C. newspaper, and has since held that post with great advantage to himself and the country. He is in advance of his age, hopeful, genial, and race-loving; I mean that he loves the human race, and not horse-racing; the latter he is opposed to. In short, he loves every thing that true benevolence dictates, and hates every thing that true malevolence suggests. A model man is old fatty FITCHFOURAY.

'I found him occupying elevated apartments in a prominently located building of the city, earnestly engaged in a philosophical pursuit after riches. Having been pointed out to me, I said to him:

'My name is Todd of Toddville.'

'Take a seat, Mr. Todd of Toddville.'

'You are no doubt aware from painful experience, Mr. GODWIN, that it is one of the admirable compensations of nature that those who have won distinction in the world should be bored by those who have not. Acting upon this well-known law, I have called upon you simply (very) to inquire whether you think a man of fair abilities and moderate acquirements, with a strong love for the employment, can make a living by literature.'

'That depends somewhat upon his age, experience, and qualifications generally.'

'I am thirty years of age, and have had somewhat of an elephantine experience; my qualifications, I presume, are so-so.'

'Did you bring any letters of recommendation?'

'No, sir, I was too prudent for that.'

'You were too prudent. How so?'

'I was afraid, Sir, that parties from whom I might have obtained such letters would have said too much.'

'If this prudence was confined to yourself, it was quite commendable. At what college did you graduate, sir?'

'At none, sir. I am a self-made man.'

'The trouble with most self-made men is, that they are not more than half-finished.'

'Very true, sir. But I think the trouble with a large portion of regularly educated men is that they are completely finished when they leave college.'

'Ah! very good. Is that in JOE MILLER?'

'I think not, Sir. I flatter myself that it is a little ahead of JOE.'

'There is no worse habit, I think, than that of flattering one's self too much. If

I had waited a few minutes I should have been spared the necessity of inquiring at what college you graduated. '*Ahead of Joe*' does n't strike me as a particularly classic or respectful expression. I presume, however, that you do not propose to set up for another ADDISON or IRVING?

"I set up for nobody, Sir."

"Ah! that will do very well. But do you think your wits are sharp enough to cut your way through the world without JOE's assistance?"

"I have not been in the habit of sharpening them at that old and much-used grindstone. If the multitudes that have been there 'to grind' had not generally taken very soft metal to be sharpened, it would have been worn out long ago."

"You recollect, I presume, the interview between SMITH and the publisher?"

"SMITH, SMITH! I have heard the name before; firm of SMITH and Brother, I think?"

"The SMITH I refer to was one of the authors of 'Rejected Addresses.' He and his brother were in company, I believe."

"Ah! yes. A hard experience as 'Rejected Addresses' those poems had before they found a publisher. But I am flattered if any thing in those poems, or in the experience of their authors reminds you of my case."

"Nothing but the rejected part."

"I am intruding upon your valuable time; of course I intended to do that when I came here. But if you will be kind enough to inform me whether you think I should be able to make a living in Gotham by literature or not, I will soon relieve you of my presence."

"What do you mean by a 'living'? It is said that four cents a day will support animal life."

"Four cents a day will not support this animal's life. Neither did it support THOREAU's; and he waged the most successful warfare against his stomach of any man that I ever heard of. But the stomach triumphed at last, though it had rather a lean show of spoils. No, Sir, no such views of a living as that will meet my case. I like to employ the best tailors and boot-makers. To the æsthetic eye there is such a difference between the best and indifferent workmen. I am not very fastidious about what I eat; the table at the Fifth Avenue Hotel is good enough for me, but I do appreciate very highly, commodious, rich, and beautiful lodgings."

"I very much doubt, Sir, if literature would afford you that style of living."

"Then literature may be, as much of it is, both by me and the public, discarded. I will go into the toy business, and thus seek to amuse children of a *smaller* growth."

"I commend your resolution, Sir."

"Good-day, Mr. FITCHFOURAY."

"Good-day, Mr. TODD of Toddville."

Thus ended my interview with one who was once the principal of the great New-England male and female military academy, but who now as critic, philosopher, and prophet, stands at the bellows of one of the greatest forges in the country where public sentiment is manufactured. On the whole, I received a gentler snubbing from Mr. GOWIN than it has been my experience to meet with from editors and publishers generally. I believe the good time is coming."

Our correspondent 'made a good show;' but it seems to us that 'our talented contemporary,' the ERROR, wasn't altogether 'slow,' either. Apropos of the *toy trade*: will our new friend oblige our youngest juvenile — who, hearing us

read to 'mother' and 'the girls' something touching *that* species of commerce, pricked up his ever-open and not over-prolonged ears 'for a boy of his size'—by sending to our sanctum, for his benefit and behoof, a certain carved wooden operative specimen of mechanical animal 'movement'? He wants a wooden monkey, climbing a small white-wood pole, to which he (the monkey, *not* our 'little boy') is very much attached by his arms. The higher he climbs the more he shows his agility, but at the same time his inability to reach the top; until, his lucky stars favoring him, over he goes, head first, down the other side! We want one of those.

WASHINGTON IRVING UPON THE LATE FENIMORE COOPER. — The subjoined note from Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, written to us soon after the publication of Mr. COOPER's '*Pathfinder*,' and which we find mis-filed among the letters of the 'loved and lamented' WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, will form an appropriate opening to a few remarks which we had intended to make upon an able article in the last number of the '*North-American Review*,' upon *James Fenimore Cooper and his Writings*:

'MY DEAR CLARK:

'I hope you have performed your promise, and that we shall see an extended critique on COOPER's new work in your next number, in which the author will receive ample justice. I have just read the '*Pathfinder*,' and it has given me a still higher opinion than ever both of COOPER's head and heart. It is an admirable production; full of noble pictures of exalted virtue in the humbler paths of life. The characters of the '*Pathfinder*' and '*MABEL DUNHAM*' are noble conceptions, and capably sustained. The old salt-water tar captain, also, is a master-piece, with his nautical wisdom, his contempt for fresh water, and his 'point no point' logic. Let no one say, after reading '*MABEL DUNHAM*,' that COOPER cannot draw a female character. It is a beautiful illustration of the female virtues under curious trials, some of the most terrific, others of the most delicate and touching nature. The death-bed scene, where she prays beside her father, is one of the most affecting things I have ever read; and yet how completely free from any overwrought sentiment or pathos!

'The proof to me of the great genius displayed in this work, is the few and simple elements with which the author has wrought out his effects. The story has nothing complicated; it is a mere straightforward narrative; the characters are few.

'I am interrupted by a call to breakfast; my brother is about to set off, so I must break off.

Very truly yours,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

The promise to which Mr. IRVING alludes *was* performed; and if we remember rightly, by the late Mr. HENRY BREVOORT, who translated for our pages, in that connection, the appreciative and eloquent critique of BALZAC upon the great characteristics of COOPER's writings. But we desire to call especial attention to the article to which we have alluded, in the present number of the '*North-American Review*.' It has been ascribed, and we have no doubt correctly, to the pen of Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN; for it bears all the marks of that gentleman's fine critical taste, true American feeling, and chaste and scholarly manner. The review is based



upon the superb edition of COOPER's works, now in course of publication by Messrs. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, of our city: and its praise of the character of the enterprise, and especially of DARLEY's exquisite illustrations, is strong and cordial, to a degree somewhat out of the usual order of this old, staid, conservative Quarterly. Designing to refer again to this article, when we come to speak, in the 'Narrative-History of the KNICKERBOCKER,' of Mr. COOPER's communications to our Magazine, we content ourselves for the present with the subjoined brief extract:

'To be thoroughly appreciated, the American novels of COOPER must be read, even by his countrymen, abroad. His fresh and spirited pictures of colonial life in the West gain infinitely, as regards vividness and effect, by the perspective attainable only from a European stand-point. It is when surrounded by the visible tokens of ancient civilization — when the effigies of national maturity and decline, the arts, the polity, the social conventionalities which centuries have made mellow, are visible and audible — that the young life and the virgin nature of the world laid open by COLUMBUS impress the imagination and win the heart. Our idea of COOPER's originality and vigor of conception — especially of his scenic limning and elaboration of native character — was vague, until we thoughtfully communed with his descriptions amid the mediæval architecture of Florence, and on the fertile and historical shores of Sicily. To turn from the massive symbols of European feudalism — from ancient temples, vast palaces, jewelled mausoleums, refined art, Southern nature, trophies that were old when America was discovered — to the leafy forest isles, the sea-like prairies, the settler's lonely log-hut, the primitive communities, the inartificial habits, and nascent civil life, which he delineates, is a contrast so entire, that the mind takes in, as never before, the whole significance of the picture. We feel the very spirit of our native land and our hardy progenitors in its original freedom and purity. Aboriginal figures seem more distinct to the fancy, when invoked in the atmosphere hallowed by sculptured deities and a living race moulded by the highest civilization; the wilderness has a singular charm when contemplated from an old European city; and frank, natural character, bred on the sea or in the forest, has a most attractive reality, when beheld with the extreme types of artificial humanity beside and around us. We seem, in such circumstances, to inhale the balmy fragrance of the primeval woods, we catch glimpses of dusky forms in the twilight, and nestle to the very heart of Nature in her verdant solitudes or ocean haunts, as we follow the firm step and piercing eye of a writer who has caught the inspiration of unhackneyed scenes and fresh, free, intrepid, isolated, but most characteristic life, which, compared with that around and within us, seems indeed born in another hemisphere, and fraught with higher issues than can ever result from the effete civilization of the Old World. COOPER then becomes to us what ANOSTO is to the Italian exile, CERVANTES to the Spaniard, Scripture to the Hebrew — the literary representative of our nationality — the enchanter through whose spells we are transported, at will, to the bogs and meadows, the Indian trail, the hunter's lodge, the frontier bulwark, the rocky coast, the patriotic strife, the secret council, the ambush, the skirmish, the pure domestic altar, and the simple human sympathies, which make up the adventurous ordeal through which our ancestors passed to win the heritage that is their children's vast and vaunted home. For many years the only two native authors ever found in the American artist's meagre library abroad, on the *diplomat's* table, and in the banker's *salon*, were COOPER and BRYANT — because through the novels of the one and the poems of the other, the history and the scenery of home could be so authentically revived.' . . . 'European readers, satiated with the worn-out romance of Italian amours, German mysticism, and French intrigue, turned with avidity to the grand natural panorama, the novel Indian warfare, the simple colonial life, the magnificent scenery and heroic endurance in the wild and on the billow, unfolded in the pages of COOPER. The American traveller found in the remotest provinces of Europe, that next to WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN, the household word of his nationality was COOPER.'

## Death of Washington Irving.

WASHINGTON IRVING has exchanged worlds.

He is not dead. To be sure, he has 'gone hence, and will be no more seen,' of those who revered, honored, loved him: and yet he is with us, and will be with us, still. When, in the pleasant apartment at 'Sunnyside,' where we had so often met him, we stood by his coffin, besprent with the flowers which he loved so well, we called almost insensibly to mind the words of a noble American: 'I have seen one die; the delight of his friends, the pride of his kindred, the idol of his country; *but he died!* How beautiful was that offering upon the altar of DEATH! The fire of Genius kindled in his eye; the generous, golden affections of manhood mantled in his cheek; his studies, his preparations for an honored and renowned life had been wielded, and attained their full fruition: his breast was filled with a thousand noble and glowing aspirations. Can we believe that the energy, the deep and earnest passion of a noble nature shall never *hereafter* manifest its power; never speak; never unfold itself? *No!* Ye goodly and glorious ones! — ye die *not!* Ye teach, ye assure us, that ye are gone to some world of nobler life and action.' Let us present here a brief sketch of WASHINGTON IRVING's life, history, and literary career:

'WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the same year with the Republic. A third nationality was springing into existence, and the world of the Americans, as we now see and share in all its wondrous life and movement, was just '*yearning at the birth,*' no man being able to foresee very clearly what manner of world this new social and political creation might in time be expected to become. In the midst of these influences, so varied, so picturesque, so rich in striking contrasts and suggestive traits, WASHINGTON IRVING grew to early manhood, developing with every day that singular delicacy and felicity of observation which was to constitute in after-life the rarest attribute of his well-balanced, humane, and gracious intellect.

'In 1802, two years before he attained his majority, he had already made his mark in the then rather desert regions of American literature, by publishing a series of essays in the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper edited by his brother, PETER IRVING. That was the age of essays; the traditions of the *Spectator*, perpetuated by the *Idler* and the *Rambler*, still oppressed all writers of the English tongue, and English prose ran to essays as easily as English poetry ran to odes. In America we were still, of course, absolutely provincial and imitative in all matters æsthetic, and these first flights of IRVING's muse were flutterings of a fashion which hardly prefigured the special triumphs which he was to win. Still they were, no doubt, useful to him as a sort of mental gymnastics; and they pointed him out to his fellow-citizens as a 'youth of promise.'

'By his brothers these indications were happily accepted as implications of a duty to be done, and the health of WASHINGTON failing shortly after his first appearance as a writer, they sent him abroad for travel and study. He made the

tour of Europe in 1804, seeing, in his capacity of American, infinitely more of the continent than any Englishman in those troubled times could hope to visit. At Rome he met with ALLSTON, and, we believe, with COLERIDGE; and brought back with him when he returned to America in 1806, literary and artistic tastes so positive and so emphatic as very soon to make the project which his brothers had entertained of converting him into a lawyer appear utterly hopeless. He went to his pens and paper at once, and in 1807 sought the ear of the public, in conjunction with JAMES K. PAULDING, through the series of whimsical utterances still so much talked of and so little read, under the title of 'Salmagundi.' These papers, ethical, æsthetic, critical, and discursive, opened a new vein to the American reading world, which up to that time had been rather satiated with the solemnities and intensities of style appropriate to an infant nation and to a race of writers diffident alike of their powers and of their themes. The hit thus made was followed up the next year by IRVING, with his 'History of New-York,' composed under the pseudonym of 'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.'

'A thousand parodies and imitations have not impaired the charm, though they have perhaps betrayed the lurking mischief of this fantastic travestie. It has travelled the world over, making the sturdy settlers of Holland in the New World, very famous, although the fame which it has given them be faintly flavored with something like contempt. One day, perhaps, the debt which America owes these solid sons of Flemish freedom will be more adequately paid; but their manners and their customs, the humor and the fashion of the folk, can never be more strikingly portrayed than in these undying pages. The name of Knickerbocker has become, through them, a fact in the earth, and has rendered baptismal tribute to all manner of human devices, from a New-York magazine to the shooting-breeches of the London dandy. It is probable that the success of this work definitely fixed Mr. IRVING's vocation in life.

'In 1810 his brothers took him into partnership without exacting of him any services in the way of their business, and bade him make himself famous. He now devoted several years to study, with a brief interview of military service on the staff of the Governor of the State during the war of 1812. But no British bullet was billeted for the destined delight of a whole generation of British readers, and Colonel IRVING hung up his still maiden sword at the peace to resume his more congenial weapons. The great effort of the war was followed, it will be remembered, by a long paralysis of commercial enterprise in this country, and the house of the IRVINGS was not spared in the general shock. WASHINGTON IRVING went to London to do his part in redeeming the affairs of the family, but in vain; and in 1818 he found himself stranded in England, with the world before him to be won. The story of his trials and his labors at this time is too well known for us to repeat it here. Who has forgotten the cordial homage of gratitude which IRVING rendered in his days of prosperous renown to the generous friendships that made his upward path more easy in these days of doubt and darkness? To SCOTT in particular he now became bound by the ties of one of the most genial and noble relations which adorn the history of authorship; a relation which recalls, though at a distance, the magnanimous union of SCHILLER with GOETHE, in labors supposed by the vulgar mind to breed only the selfish lust of reputation and the cruel egotisms of artistic vanity. For nearly twenty years Mr. IRVING remained in Europe, winning his place among the most conspicuous and the most admired of English writers, but never forgetting his American birth, or neglecting the ties which bound him to his native land. His 'Sketch Book,' and 'Bracebridge Hall' fascinated the public by a freshness of

style and a naturalness of sentiment, delightful in those days of the decadence of what may be called the Georgian prose. They brought back the charm of STERNE without his pruriency and his personal conceit; the grace of ADDISON made warm with the generous gentleness of RICHARD STEELE. Their author became the fashion, but he was not spoiled.

'He bent himself with each new success more earnestly to the task of achieving better things. Alternating his residence between London and Paris, and seeing in each capital the best thinkers and the most inspiring society of each, he eventually decided to aim at the high prizes of history, which had then begun to assume the magnificent place since accorded to it in the hierarchy of modern literature. He sojourned three years at Madrid, and brought away from Escorial Libraries and Jesuit Colleges, in 1828, his 'Life of COLUMBUS, which became at once an authority, and secured for him the honor of sharing with HALLAM the first award of the gold medals conferred by GEORGE IV. for the encouragement of historic composition. If all history be as EMERSON calls it, the biography of eminent men, the prize was fairly won. The 'Conquest of Granada' and the 'Tales of the Alhambra' followed the 'COLUMBUS,' while IRVING was filling at London the posts of Secretary of Legation and Chargé d' Affaires of the United States to his own credit and the honor of our country. The diplomatic inspirations of our Presidents have not materially improved since those times!

'In 1832 Mr. IRVING came back, bringing with him as a farewell from old England the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws won from the fastidious Senate of Oxford University. How his life has since been led, with true laborious days, we all know.

'He was not the man to vegetate upon a reputation. He scoured the prairies of the West and ransacked the annals of the past for topics congenial to his maturing mind. In 1842 he was most wisely selected for the post of Minister to Spain — there being no season then for our insulting the monarchy to which our fathers owed so much — and remained at the Spanish court for four years. When the fulness of his time at last had come, IRVING remembered the great name, that he bore, a name conferred upon him by his parents in the very dawn of all our national greatness, and gave the final fruits of his thought and feeling and skill in style to the memory of WASHINGTON. He was granted the privilege of completing this latest of his works; and closing then, forever, the portfolio out of which so many sweet and kindly and beneficent creations had passed into the world, and with them not one evil thing, one false spirit, one impure, the old man quietly folded his hands in his well-named home of Sunnyside, the goal of a life sunlit by goodness and beauty; and there awaited the summons which has come to him now as gently as we could have asked it should. He died almost in the arms of his niece, without any visible sign of suffering, and after an evening passed in the society of friends whom he loved, and in the indulgence of all those genial and pleasant emotions which he loved especially to cherish in himself, and in all with whom he was brought into contact.'

It was our purpose, in the present notice, to exhibit WASHINGTON IRVING's kindness and goodness of heart, as he exhibited these traits himself, in a familiar correspondence with us, which extended over a period of more than twenty years. The length of the sketch, however, which we have quoted from '*The Times*' daily journal, and which as a matter of biographical and historical record could not be omitted, pre-

cludes these passages until subsequent numbers. We content ourselves for the present with citing the subjoined English tribute from the '*Albion*,' which is certainly very beautiful:

'THERE are few men now living whose death would excite a sorrow so universal and so genuine as that which, awakened by the sad event at Sunnyside on Monday last, will not die away until it has thrilled through the civilized world. For the admiration of WASHINGTON IRVING — an admiration mingled largely with a sweet and gentle feeling that might almost be called love — was felt wherever the English tongue is spoken; and the sad news of his death will fly eastward, casting its gloom upon the advancing light, until the East becomes the West, as sympathy in a common sorrow spans the ocean between Canton and California. Yet, since men must die, why should the world grieve that IRVING has left it? He had advanced beyond the ordinary limit of man's healthful life, and was beginning to taste that 'labor and sorrow,' without which few indeed are they who reach the farther boundary of the decade which he had more than half passed over. He had completed his labors, and had voluntarily laid down his pen, after crowning his life with a work of national importance which, in its plan and execution, was worthy of his best years. He had lived a long life, honored and beloved by all who knew him, and admired by millions to whom he was but a name or a thought; and at last, on the spot which his pen had made famous, in the house which he had built for his own home, and where he had passed many years of placid literary ease alternated with the gentle excitement of literary labor, amid scenes in which he delighted, and surrounded by hearts bound to him by the ties of blood, and closest love, after an evening of cheerful social enjoyment, in which he bore the part that he so well could bear, he sank to his rest almost unconsciously, without even the pang of parting. Could he, could any one for him, in his brightest youth have looked forward to a happier close of a life as happy? He seems to have been born to show that whom the gods love do not always die young, and that vicissitude and care are not the inevitable heritage of literature. But let no aspirant for literary fame be tempted to hope that a like fortune may be his; for WASHINGTON IRVING was probably the happiest man of letters that ever lived.

'An American by birth, and the pride as well as the patriarch of American literature, WASHINGTON IRVING was yet not distinctively American in the style of his writing or the tone of his thought. Happily for himself and for his country, he was one of those minds which are recognized simply as English, irrespective of the place of their nativity. '*KNICKERBOCKER'S History of New-York*,' humorous as it is, would never have achieved more than such a local reputation as would hardly have balanced the local acrimony that it excited; but in the '*Sketch Book*,' and '*Bracebridge Hall*,' and '*The Alhambra*,' the author handled themes of universal interest, in a manner that awoke universal sympathy wherever the English tongue was spoken. And having thus won the coy world's ear by the magic of his words, she listened ever after to each new tale he found to tell her. His style, how clear it was; and how bright, and genial, and serene, and loving was the nature that shone through it! What kindness even in its satire, what decorum in its humor, and in its pathos what hope and cheer! Happiness was its inspiration, happiness its aim; happy the life and the fame that it won for its author: and happiness go with him; we would not call him back.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We heartily welcome to our pages our California correspondent. He has written before for the KNICKERBOCKER: and the PRESS of the country has shown that his communications were received with marked favor. He cannot 'drop us a few lines' too frequently. What may strike *him* as worthy of record, we are quite certain will so impress our readers:

'FRIEND CLARK: Are you very busy? If so, just lay this by till another time. I want to 'corel' you for a little chat. I am a stranger, but no matter; the best of friends are only known by their names, 'like letters sealed up, we but read each other's superscriptions,' and I do not trouble you often; only once before has my 'crabbed hand-of-write' invaded your sanctum, (*vide* June number of KNICKERBOCKER, 'Railroad-Posting Literature.') The steamer has just arrived to-night, bringing your Magazine, and now, not being sleepy, although the wee small hours are passing, I light my segar for a quiet talk with you — will you have a segar? See, I stretch my spirit-hand across those rocky hills and long stretch of barren plain that is supposed to intervene, and proffer you the social weed, thus — a light, Sir? thus; ah! now we'll tell stories while we smoke. We have some good things in our golden State beside our gold, as all should know; we have Brobdignagian vegetables, four pound pears and apples that well might hinder the speed of a fleeing maiden, and grapes — such glorious grapes, old BACCHUS's eyes would sparkle with delight at the sight of their rich purple clusters, and we have pretty girls, too — California will one day be famous for its beautiful girls. Here in this pure, strong air the human form develops in such perfect healthful symmetry, and the human face divine takes such bewitching graces, that it seems the very Paradise Regained for EVE's delighted daughters. But this is not what I was to tell you of; far up in the mountains, among the cold white tops of the Sierras, we have a water-fall, something over half-a-mile in length, I believe it is, and not long since I made a little trip that way; crossing the rich valley of the San Joaquin, and the brown, bare hills that roll along by its side, we came at last among the deep mountain caverns and the rocky, tree-crowned cliffs farther up. These trees are a sight; long, straight, sugar pines, with their green cones gracefully pendent, cedars and red-wood, such as would furnish the timber for the whole of SOLOMON'S Temple; would not a tree one hundred and twenty feet in circumference and four hundred and fifty feet high do that, do you think? If it would n't, we might find one larger, perhaps. Here we slept for the night, building us a couch of the fragrant hemlock boughs, and a fire of their fallen trunks; no grizzlies disturbed us that night, but the hollow hoot of the owl, and the low, deep murmur in the tall tree-tops mingled and echoed in the silent woods, mingled and echoed that night just as they had for ages before, whispering the same sad sounds to the same old trees that might have listened to their tales when the pyramids were building; those trees whose parents of an equal age were rocked by breezes from the gates of Eden, bearing perfume from the flowers EVE tended. Strange to think of all the changes that the world has seen — its revolutions, struggles, and the little spasm of each human life, while all the time these living monsters have been silently and unheeding gathering from the earth and air their needed particles. Just think of it: here a branch that was broken off when JESUS died; here a shaving that was grown while PLATO lived, and that large limb perhaps was nourished in its earlier prime by breezes that had fanned by the cheek of either BAUTUS. And then we lay beneath



their shadows, looking up to where their aged arms were pointing, in silent speechfulness, to the glorious heavens. One should make it a point in living to spend at least one night in the Sierras; such skies are not for every place; such a deep infinity of space made visible. No bounds are set to seeing, but far beyond the stars, beyond the limits of conception you look on and on in the blue vault interminable. And such a rich, pure atmosphere, it seems not air, but a certain life-elixir, firing the blood like a draught of old Falernian, such an air as might have floated round the top of old Olympus, bearing incense from the sacred groves. It is not summer, nor yet winter, but the mingling of the best of all seasons, quintessence of December, spiced with July and perfumed with May; but it is not to be spoken of, only silently enjoyed. Full too early 'Erodadaktalos Ecos' came to shower her maiden blushes round our mountain couch, and send us upward on our toiling way. He who climbs these ills must needs bear with him that 'banner with a strange device,' up, up the tortuous pathway, persistently precipitous, pertinaciously perpendicular, and sometimes downward, headless, headlong heights, where the black depths yawn before you, and a single misstep or a sliding stone would — one glance shows you what. But at last we reach the falls, or the valley rather, which we enter by a zig-zag pathway of some thousands of feet straight down. If any one wishes for a new sensation let them grasp the ten thousand bushes that grow 'convenient' here, and look over one of those high cliffs; there are places where a stone would drop four thousand feet and never touch the side. The first fall that we come to is the Bridal Veil, whence named or wherefore is more than I know, but it is a bright little stream that comes out on a bold, jutting rock, and breaking itself into crystals, playfully tosses them over the edge; these the wind catching, waves gracefully backward and forward till they fall in bright showers on the black rocks below; some seven hundred feet is the height I believe. I have never seen any thing so beautiful, unless perhaps that little silver crescent on the bosom of the green prairies that the Indians named so prettily the curling, laughing water, 'Minne-ha-ha.' Next above the Bridal Veil is a white cliff rising four thousand feet perpendicular; Tesaac it is called, from an Indian god that dwelt there, and whose form is impressed in a dark stain near the top; he was god of the bears and fishes; sometimes he would come down from his high home and walk in the valley below; then the Indians in great awe stood in his presence, silent and reverent. Once in a great drought the streams were dried up and the bears left the valley. TESAAC came down from his rock, but the Indians refused their wonted honors, and gazed gloomy and sullen on the sorrowing god. TUTOCHANULA, a mild goddess that dwelt supreme in a hidden cliff farther up, saw with pity the sad plight of her children and the grief of her fellow-immortal; she struck the high rocks that walled in the valley, when instantly they divided, the waters rushed through, the bears and the fishes returned, the Indians in their joy carried gifts to TESAAC, and ever more he has dwelt in his cliff, well pleased with their silent homage. To this day the walls stand rifted, and the crystal waters murmur between them. At the foot of this rock I killed a huge serpent that lay basking in my pathway. I send you his narrative; it is a tale in ten chapters, as you see. The highest fall in the valley comes over the side at about mid-way from one end to the other, about ten miles in length it may be. This is the *Yo Gurnite* proper; the grizzly or gray mountain bear it means. The fall, with one or two slight breaks, is two thousand eight hundred feet high. Looking up from below, it seems like a stream from the very windows of heaven; at first, slow-moving, the waters gather in little groups, like friends that clasp each other for the last long leap; then hurrying onward they break and scatter, throw-

ing out their writhing arms in wild despair, and, sweeping fiercely downward with a great wailing cry, dash on the jagged rocks below; forms in the mist appear and disappear, one moment writhing and struggling in mid-air, then glancing to their swift destruction; despairing eyes flash out their agony of fear and then are lost; mists like human hair stream on the rushing wind, and all the while that piercing shriek comes up from the dark mist-cavern; sometimes a tone more shrill with troubled agony will ring and echo through the soul, and then be swallowed in the general uproar. I never heard such human passion shrieking in the voice of things inanimate; what genii haunt that place, or what immortal, for some impious deed, is doomed to bear that fate more fearful than PROMETHEUS suffered? It is not pleasant, but terrible to see and hear such sights and sounds, waking with a wizard power all the fierce and savage of one's nature.

'At the head of the valley, five miles above, the river Merced enters, at first with a fall of six hundred feet, then gliding over a smooth rock at a steep angle for a few hundred yards, dashes over a precipice of four hundred more; here it scatters in a world of sparkling gems, wreathing mists, and glancing rainbows, moving with the swaying wind. I clambered by the help of ladders two hundred feet in length to the top of that first fall. It was Sunday when I stood there, but I never heard from cushioned pulpit such a sermon as those granite rocks and rushing waters preached; one glance down that deep abyss convinced me I was a sinner, not good enough to fall down there. But I am wearying you. Some day an artist-friend will bring you views of these scenes well worth your seeing; a panorama of the whole State I believe he is painting.

'If there are any extracts from all this you choose to print, you can do so; thanks for your kind but long-neglected invitation 'to be heard from again.' I sent you, a few days ago, some miserable verses that I am very sorry for, but perhaps the Conanches will get them; if they do, they are 'goners' — the Indians.

'Yours, etc.,

E. G. HUNT'

Thanks for the 'rattles' specimen. - - - WHILE it was a laughable, a *very* laughable, it was also a very melancholy sight: for a drunken man is a melancholy object to behold and to contemplate, any where, and under any circumstances. But the particular case to which we have reference was a 'hard case,' in all respects. In a spar and ship-timber yard, on the border of West-street, far down toward the Battery, on a pleasant October afternoon, as we were hastening to take our favorite steamer, the 'ISAAC P. SMITH,' up the river to Cedar-Hill, 'we saw a man,' or something bearing the image of a man, exceedingly tipsy, lying on the ground, amidst scattered chips and shavings, in the yard. Some boys stood hard by, jeering and plaguing him. 'Upon remonstrance,' one of them said that he had 'throw'd a stone at JIMMY CAHOON, 'cause he tickled his ear with a shavin' when he was asleep.' This was no excuse; and we told the boys so; 'but somehow or 'nother,' like the Americans at Bladensburg, 'they did n't seem to take no interest.' Meanwhile, the poor inebriate had raised himself partly up, resting on one side, and remarked: 'Why can't they let me be? *Wish-to-God-I-was-an-Injan* — that's all I hope!' Two squaws, with moccasins and other wampum bead-work, had been dawdling along by, a moment before, which probably suggested the thought that was permeating his half-addled brain. He finally stood upon his feet; but his knees were

not like the firm oak ship's-knees which were piled up around him : the 'feeble knees' failed him, and down he went. He stretched out an arm, laid his head upon it, and was presently in the 'Land of Dreams.' All this while, however, the mischievous boys were watching him, while we were watching *them* through a crevice in the board-fence which surrounded the yard. At length, he was fast and sound asleep. His yawning shoes disclosed all his toes, on each foot ; 'and as we gazed, we saw' one of the little rascals making a slip-noose, with a strong twine, around one of his big toes, which protruded from the clam-shell opening of his old shoe, that looked, more than any thing else, like the head of a great black snake. To the other end of this twine, which had a 'long purchase,' they tied securely the ragged half of a large brick. They then carefully removed, for a wide space around him, every other possible thing which he might get hold of to throw at them ; but *this* missile they placed, as the Irish have it, 'convenient' to his hand. Then all the laughing boys retired to a safe distance, save one : *he* remained, to tickle the sleeper's ear and nose with a thin pine splinter, to arouse him from his slumber. Presently the poor inebriate awoke ; and seeing his tormentor beating a retreat, at the same time laughing 'ready to split' his young sides, he seized the decoy missile and hurled it after him ! It was cruel. The string came up 'with a round turn,' which almost tore the poor fellow's toe off. He roared with the self-inflicted pain, and straightway staggered thence. 'Have you seen him about here since?' we asked the proprietor of the spar-yard, some six weeks afterward. He is a man of few words : he said : 'I guess *not!*' - - - We spoke in our last of certain pleasant '*Letters from the Adirondacks,*' which we had read with the greater gratification, that they bore us back in imagination to the wild scenes of JOHN BROWN's Tract ; not 'OSAWATOMIE BROWN,' we believe ; 'not *that* man,' as MR. TODDLES says, 'but *another* man' ; where, with certain other and worthier members of the '*North-Woods Walton Club,*' 'SCOPE,' whose companion we have been for summer days together, and who writes so frequently and so well from those wild forest-regions for the '*Utica Morning*' and '*Oneida Weekly Herald* ; 'Scope,' *he* is one of the noble '*Club*' who has done more to make town and country acquainted with its *locale*, its sayings and doings, its adventures and enjoyments, than any other single member of the great and genial Fraternity. Hear him, in one of his recent glowing epistles from 'SHERMAN Lake, Moose River,' in the 'northern department' : and although when you read this scribble, WINTER will have 'spread wide a waste of snow' over all that vast region, so fresh and green in its season, and all the lakes and streams will be

— 'SILENT as the ground,  
As DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand ;'

yet then shall you have the more leisure to plan your late spring or early summer visits, to inveigle from the waters of those still solitudes the precious Trouts, and other fishes which do there abound. But scope for 'SCOPE' :

'It is a glad sight to see thirty or forty active, intellectual, gentlemanly business men in the woods, away from care and anxiety, and a perfect, unrestrained freedom. All the world shut out by gates of mountains — kept aloof by moats formed by deep lakes and

streams. Freedom and contentment and peace, jointly presiding over the scene. Depend upon it, there is no such place as this in which to test a man, and to find out what he is. All restraint removed, you see the very heart of your companion. If he is a gentleman then and there, you may trust him any where else in the world, and you will not be deceived. We had many such with us, and it was a pleasure to mingle with them, and to enjoy their society. The spirits of youth and boyhood came back, and looked in upon us. They saw our hearts ready to welcome their coming, and they took possession of their former homes. The thrills of early feeling, and the glow of early joy, delighted us again. The flush of childhood's sunsets come back upon our cheeks, and the light of life's young mornings came back into our eyes. Along our veins ran tinglingly the blood of early days, even as the rivulet along the mountain side doth glide again, though for many months its silver flow hath been hidden from the view.

'The Editor forgot his pen; the Judge heard not the shout of the crier; the Congressman was oblivious to the call for the final vote; the Banker let the note run past its protest time; the Doctor allowed his patients an extension of the lease of life; and the Clergyman found his

'Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stone, and God in every thing.'

'The very air around us had a smack of life's young morning in it that was delicious to our every sense. So there we were; thirty or forty of us, all boys again; good boys, too — depend upon it, good boys — an honor to our parents and an ornament to the neighborhood in which we were sojourning. This newness of life made us happy and content. We lived again in the merry past. We talked of the days gone by, and sang the songs of boyhood. The influence of the scene did not fade away from us when we left the forest and the mountain. It cheers us yet, and strengthens and improves us. That great transfusion of young and buoyant life fills us with energy and exhilarates our spirits through all the year.

'We look back upon those scenes from the office, the desk, the counting-room, and the daily labor, and we feel a great strength come upon us from the retrospect; a sense of repose and of quiet that clears the brain from the mists of feverish impatience, and lifts from the heart a weight of anxiety and care.'

Our own experience exactly! - - - It seems a very short time since we and ours 'assisted' at a 'Golden Wedding' in the 'kindred circle:' but the 'ponderous and marble jaws' of the family tomb at Greenwood not long afterward opened to receive the Good Man, the true Husband, the affectionate Father, and the faithful, loving Quaker Wife and Mother: and now 'they are not.' A private thought, reader, springing from a perusal of this paragraph, in the description of a 'Golden Wedding,' in the '*New-York Observer*:' Another and deeply interesting feature of the occasion was the fact that death has never entered this family circle. All the children and grand-children, with their partners, are still living, respected, united, affectionate and prosperous. And still another feature, which, like a sun-beam, threw light and gladness over the scene. These parents could look on all this circle of their offspring without a blush of shame. There was no returning prodigal to welcome home: no one who, by a vicious or immoral course, or disgraceful deportment, had pained them, or dishonored them. Parents and children were happy in their mutual

affection and esteem.' - - - A VERY interesting incident is the following, which we segregate from a few familiar sketches of '*Wanderings in the West*;' the only objection to them being, that rail-road travellers, through our daily and other journals, have made their main features *too* familiar to the public, to be of general interest in a Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER :

'THERE are many interesting historic associations connected with Mackinac which was visited by HENNEPIN and other French missionaries nearly two centuries ago. The following incident was related to me by a gentleman formerly of the army, who was well acquainted with the old chief, and the spot pointed out to me, where his wigwam once stood : 'During the last war, many of the Indians on the Northern frontier offered their services to the United States, but from a mistaken policy, the Government declined the offer. Many of the tribes, therefore, joined the British. NE-GWA-GON, a famous Chippewa chief, however, remained a steadfast friend, and as far as permitted, took up the tomahawk for the Americans. When the enemy had taken possession of Mackinac, the old chief, with his band, retired to his hunting on the main land. He planted the American flag in his camp in the woods. One day, while his band were mostly absent engaged in the chase, a British officer and fifteen men presented themselves before the lodge of NE-GWA-GON and said : 'I have come to take away that flag. It is the American flag, and must not fly here. The British alone now own this country.'

'The old chief rose and strode forward to his flag, lowered it, and winding it around his left arm, drew his tomahawk from his belt, and turning to the officer with flashing eyes, sternly said : 'NE-GWA-GON is the friend of Americans ; he has but one flag and one heart. If you take one, you shall take the other.' Then giving his war-whoop, he looked silently at the officer, who, seeing the warriors assembling around their chief, thought 'discretion the better part of valor,' and hastily retreated to his boat and returned to Mackinac. The brave old Chippewa Chief hoisted his flag, and kept it flying until the end of the war. For many years NE-GWA-GON, with his family, annually went to Detroit, in two large and beautiful bark canoes, with the stars and stripes flying at the stern of each, and was always kindly received by our present venerable Secretary of State, General CASS.'

All honor to the brave old 'Abrogyne!' - - - COME, '*Little People*,' we can make room for three or four of you at the 'Table' now ; and you who have waited so long and so patiently shall have a better place, and more room by-and-by :

'CHILDREN often make use of odd words and phrases which they have carefully remembered from the indiscriminate remarks of the help, to whom, in many families, they are at times necessarily confided. 'GERTIE' was not quite three when she was left in care of the Irish servant, one afternoon while her mother was out making calls. Looking out of the window, the servant saw coming toward the house three little ones, the beautiful children of one of New-York's merchant-princes ; who, as they were fifth or sixth cousins of GERTIE'S, were evidently intending to make a specimen call of the Young America style. The quick-spoken yet good-natured Irish lass exclaimed : 'The little devils ! they are coming here.' As soon as they were shown in, GERTIE ran down to receive them. '*Little devils ! how do you do ?*' was the greeting given in all innocence and kindness, sworn to, sealed and delivered by a sweet kiss of childhood.

'WE have a manly little boy, six summers old. His mother takes great pains to instruct him in some of the principal Bible truths. One day she told him that every thing which God had made was good. Shortly after he asked her why DAVID killed GOLIATH. To make the answer easier to his comprehension, she told him that it was because GOLIATH was a bad man. 'Did not God make GOLIATH ?' he asked. 'Cer-

tainly, my child.' 'There now,' says he triumphantly, 'thought you told me that every thing which God had made was good!'

'We had a sweet little girl, who left us some four years ago for the 'Better Land.' Her mother taught her early the little prayer: 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' It was her custom, after repeating the prayer, to say: 'God bless mother, father, and all my friends: make little E—— a good little girl.' She would frequently ask God to bless all her friends and acquaintances. One night, upon retiring, after asking a blessing on every one whom she could think of by name, she said: 'And do please God, bless *the Devil!*'

'I LAUGHED immoderately at an observation made by a two-and-a-half year old 'shaver' in this city a short time since, as related by his nurse, a colored woman. He has commenced to talk within the last year; and a few nights since was instructed to repeat the Lord's Prayer, for the first time, before retiring to rest. He labored powerfully to 'lap his tongue around' some of the hard words; and when he arose from his knees, was completely overwhelmed with—perspiration! After puffing a short time, he remarked to his nurse: 'Mammy LUMFORD, *that—is—mighty—hard—work!*'

We have heard 'old folks' labor in prayer quite as hard as this! - - - 'In the town of Sharon,' writes an obliging friend, 'not far from Sharon Springs, on the old turnpike leading from Cherry Valley to Albany, there is a grave-yard, from one of the tomb-stones of which I last week copied the following tribute of a 'lone, lone widdier' to her departed lord. I give it verbatim:

'Go home, dear friends, and shed no tears  
I must lie here till CHRIST appears  
When he appears, I hope to have  
A joyful rising from this grave  
I feel to mourn at the great loss  
In which I have met with in  
Giving the parting hand  
To a near and dear companion  
My house now appears empty and all gloom  
His company cannot be filled up in either room  
And when I walk out into the store  
His company is not there any more  
The groans and tears which I have shed  
Cannot be numbered by any head  
The lonesome days and nights which I have already seen  
I could not have told until I had experienced them  
The dreary winter now is past  
And I am left to mourn at last  
And now the spring has come  
And I feel to mourn as if I was undone  
When this composition you shall read and see  
You must think how lonesome I must be!'

'The first four lines, bad as they are, are borrowed. I have seen them on other grave-stones. No one can question the originality of the remaining lines. The last two were somewhat sunken beneath the sod: I had to excavate in order to decipher them. The worthy woman had literally 'run the thing into the ground!'

- - - ALL communications, whether intended for the 'body' of the KNICKERBOCKER, or for the editorial department as heretofore, should hereafter be addressed to 'L. GAYLORD CLARK, care of Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher KNICKERBOCKER, 16 and 18 Jacob-street, New-York.' We shall be at our town-sanctum daily; and the favors of our correspondents shall hereafter



receive prompt attention. Copies should be retained, if desirable, of *all* articles in verse, and all *short* articles in prose. We can find no leisure to return such to their authors. - - - If any body doubts our 'sense of justice,' let them read the following 'animated correspondence,' and see how willingly we comply with the request of our artist of the 'Arkansas Traveller.' We should n't do it, however, if the original with which he furnishes us were not a great deal more amusing than the synopsis sent to us several months ago by a South-western correspondent. We have waited to see, and animadvert upon the promised picture, (which has not *yet* reached us) or this 'correspondence' would have appeared a little before :

'MR. CLARK :

'Boston, Oct. 4, 1859.

'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA felt himself much aggrieved, by him of Tarragona, author of that fictitious and slanderous *second* history of the exploits of DON QUIXOTE.

'So felt the *real* 'Arkansas Traveller' when he read his memoirs in your 'Table' last February. His most intimate friends, in his own domains, not being able readily to recognize him in the habiliments and surroundings with which your informant 'fixed' him.

'Not less dismayed at that time was the undersigned, who for some months previous had been engaged in painting a picture called '*The Arkansas Traveller*,' to be engraved or lithographed ; fearing, from the popularity of the history furnished by him of Camden, that he would have to fall to work and paint a new one, to conform to the fictitious light thrown on the incidents by this new account. But the author of this picture disdained such a course, having as great a soul as the '*Arkansas Traveller*' himself.

'But in order that those 'outside barbarians,' who have not enjoyed opportunities of informing themselves correctly, or may have been misled by the representations of the afore-mentioned false history, (false, inasmuch as it shows up the fiddler sitting under a sort of wagon-cover or tent, whereas he was only sitting *outside* of a cabin ten logs high, and in other particulars, incorrect,) has found it necessary to publish a *reliable* statement of the whole matter, taken down in 'short-hand,' from the 'Traveller's own mouth, which will be furnished with each copy of the lithograph. And, in order that no doubt may remain in the minds of those who see the picture, he has introduced in the painting a perfect likeness of the original 'TRAVELLER,' represented by the man on horseback, trying to stay all night.

'The 'Arkansas Traveller' requested me (his painter in ordinary) before I left Arkansas, to say to you that he is affronted, and demands justice ; and unless you grant that satisfaction, in default of which, 'first, he says he will have the last, (not indeed, with the weapons,) the 'pomp and circumstance,' attending an attack of DON QUIXOTE, but with such ordinary weapons as any Arkansas man might be supposed to 'have about' of a cool morning. By 'justice,' he mean that you should either present again his history to the public, worked up correctly from the *facts* before you, or that you should inform your readers where a correct statement may be found.

'He tells me, moreover, to send you a copy of the picture as soon as it is issued, which will be by the last of this month. So great is his estimation of your abilities, that he informs me that in you rests his only hope for justice.

'Yours, etc.,

E. P. W.,

'Painter in Ordinary to 'The Traveller.'

He shall *have* justice : and when the lithograph arrives, 'E. P. W.' shall have justice also. So here ensues the true and '*only original*' Arkansas Traveller :

'The Arkansas Traveller.

'A *BURLESQUE tune*, known as 'The Arkansas Traveller,' is exceedingly popular at the West and South, and originated from the incidents of the following story — which are exactly as related fifteen or twenty years ago — by the author of the tune and story, Col. S. C. FAULKNER, of Arkansas.

'The narrator plays the air vehemently, on a fiddle, for a short time, then relates a portion of the story ; then again, falls to playing, as if he had given his audience enough of a good thing, for one time.

'In the earlier days of the territory of Arkansas, when the settlements were few and far between, an adventurous traveller from one of the old States, while traversing the swamps of that portion of the *kedn'try*, gets lost, on a cold, rainy day, in the autumn of the year. After wandering till evening, and despairing of finding a habitation, while searching for a place to camp, he strikes a trail which seems to lead *somewhere*, and also hears in that direction the *noise* of a fiddle. Accordingly he *takes* the trail and soon discovers, ahead of him, rising above the timber, a light column of smoke, which he knows comes from the cabin of a squatter. As he approaches, he finds it to be a log cabin, ten logs high, and about ten feet square — one side being roofed, and the other only half-covered with boards. He also sees the proprietor seated on an old whisky-barrel, near the door, sheltered by a few boards which project from the eaves, playing a tune, or rather the first snatch of a tune, on an old fiddle.

'After surveying the habitation and surroundings of 'cotton head' children, the traveller rides up to see if he can get lodgings ; and the following dialogue ensues. The hoosier, however, still continuing to play the same part over and over again, only stopping to give short, indifferent replies to the traveller's queries :

'TRAVELLER : 'Good morning, Sir!'

'SQUATTER : 'How dy'e do, Sir?'

'TRAV. : 'Can I get to stay all night with you?'

'SQUAT. : 'No, Sir.'

'TRAV. : 'Can't you give me a glass of something to drink ; I'm very wet and cold?'

'SQUAT. : 'I drank the last drop this morning.'

'TRAV. : 'I am very hungry ; ain't had a thing to eat to-day. Will you let me have something to eat?'

'SQUAT. : 'Hav n't a darned thing in the house.'

'TRAV. : 'Then can't you give my horse something?'

'SQUAT. : 'Got nothing to feed him on.'

'TRAV. : 'How far is it to the next house?'

'SQUAT. : 'Stranger, I do n't know ; I've never been there.'

'TRAV. : 'Well, where does this road go to?'

'SQUAT. : 'It's never been anywhere since I've lived here ; it's always here when I get up in the morning.'

'TRAV. : 'As I am not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree and do without any thing to eat or drink?'

'SQUAT. : 'My house leaks ; there's only one dry spot in it, and *me* and SAL sleeps on that.'

'TRAV. : 'Why do n't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?'

'SQUAT. : 'It's raining.'

'TRAV. : 'Well, why do n't you do it when it is not raining?'

'SQUAT. : 'It do n't leak then.'

'TRAV. : 'Well, as you have nothing to eat or drink in your house, and nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here, anyhow?'

'SQUAT.: 'Putty well, I thank you. How d'ye do yourself?'

'TRAY.: (After trying in vain all sorts of ways to extract some satisfactory information from him.) 'My friend, why do n't you play the whole of that tune?'

'SQUAT.: (Stops playing and looks up for the first time.) 'I did not know there was any more to it. Can you play the fiddle, stranger?'

'TRAY.: 'I play a little, sometimes.'

'SQUAT.: 'You do n't look much like a fiddler, (handing him the fiddle.) Will you play the *balance* of that tune?'

'The traveller gets down and plays the tune.

'SQUAT.: 'Stranger, come in! take half a dozen chairs and sit down. SAL, go round into the holler, where I killed that buck this morning. Cut off some of the best pieces and fetch it, and cook it for me and this gentleman, directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, afore you go, and get the old black jug I hid from DICK, and give us some whisky—I know there's some left yet. DICK, *carry* the gentleman's horse round to the shed; you'll find some fodder and corn there. Give him as much as he can eat. Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Hurry, old woman. If you can't find the butcher-knife, take the cob-handle, or granuy's knife. Play away, stranger! you shall sleep on the dry spot to-night.'

'After about two hours' fiddling and some conversation, in which the squatter shows his characteristics, the stranger retires to the 'dry spot.'

There, Mr. ARTIST: will *that* do? - - - THERE is something laughably Germanic, and yet one can hardly explain *why*, in 'The Legend of Hans Von Krout,' sent us by a St. Louis correspondent. We 'clip,' but present a specimen:

'Loudly rolled the drum!  
And a martial strain rang out  
A welcome to the '*Bier Saal*,'  
To the valorous HANS VON KROUT.

'Loudly rolled the drum!  
As he, with a valiant air,  
Strode into the crowded bar-room  
And gallantly took a chair.

'Loudly rolled the drum!  
And he fastened his proud, cold eye  
On one of the waiters, tray in hand,  
Who was hurriedly flitting by.

'Loudly rolled the drum!  
When his stern voice broke on the ear:  
'Du, vaiter! bring ein glas lager,  
Mit käse und bretzel mir.'

'Loudly rolled the drum!  
Again came the man with the tray,  
And the valorous HANS, in deep gutt'ral,  
Inquired what he had to pay.

'Loudly rolled the drum!  
'*Zehn cent.*' was the bold reply,  
And the valorous HANS paid over  
The coin with a smothered sigh.

'Loudly rolled the drum!  
He arose in stately grace,  
And lit a segar and went his way  
With a satisfied look in his face.

'Loudly rolled the drum!  
And the closing strain rang out:  
So here ends the famous legend  
Of the valorous HANS VON KROUT.

R. V. C.'

Premising that customers are attracted to lager-beer houses by 'musical instruments, and that of all sorts,' you have the mystery of the 'loudly-rolling drum,' and eke the 'ear-piercing fife.' - - - A RIGHT lively, friendly and 'gossipy' little 'notelet,' from 'R. W. C.,' of Portland, Maine, who, we are glad to perceive, evinces excellent taste in the selection of his reading! He must tell others to follow his example. But to his epistle:

'Portland Nov. 14, 1859.

'DEAR SIR: I know that every body who wants to see themselves (or himself; which is it?) in print, invariably addresses the editor of the favored journal as 'an old acquaintance through your publication,' and as persistently adopts the signature, 'A CONSTANT READER,' largely underscored. I say I know this; but I decline pursuing

the usual routine on this occasion; partly because I fail to see its advantage, and partly because I don't think you would believe me if I should adopt it.

'I buy the KNICKERBOCKER, or have done so, by the two-shillings' worth; because, having been for a long time a dweller 'under the canopy, i' the city of kites and crows,' and not having until recently a 'local habitation and a name,' or a box at the post-office, that has been the most convenient way. But however I *buy it*, I assure you, I keep it; in evidence of which let me say, that I presented my wife, on our wedding-day, with twenty-two bound volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, bought in three different countries, and in more than twenty different cities.

'But let me tell you an 'original Goak,' as K. N. PEPPER would call it.

'In this diminutive, oriental city of Portland, (now world-famous because the 'Great Eastern' *did n't* come here,) one of the leading auction and commission houses employs a porter who rejoices in the name of TIM. TIM had been noticed for some time to be rather indifferent to his duties; and on being questioned as to the occasion of his negligence, replied:

'You persave, Sir, I had a little boy born till me; and I wanted to name him after both o' yees, but I do n't intirely get the sinse of the names.'

'The dilemma in which the porter was placed was apparent; and the members of the firm endeavored to devise a suitable cognomen for the kidling. TIM continued dissatisfied, however, notwithstanding the most ingenious splicings of titles. At length, one morning he was observed to be unusually active; in explanation of which phenomenon he told his employers:

'Me boy was christened last night, Sir.'

'But,' said the senior, 'you must have had a *name* for him.'

'I did, Sir.'

'How did you get over that difficulty you had about it; what did you *call* your boy?'

'With a perfectly radiant confidence, TIM answered: 'EDWARD M. PATTEN AND Co. RYAN, Sir!'

'It is needless to add that the firm 'came down,' in behalf of their little namesake, in a style worthy of their reputation for generosity.

'I don't insist upon your publishing the above; but if you do, I vouch for its authenticity. R. W. C.'

All right: a 'responsible party.' - - - THE subjoined 'deep-seated' lines were written many years ago for the transcendental '*Dial*,' of Boston: the early death of that remarkable publication has served to keep them reposing in manuscript until the present time. They are a terse English embodiment of the cardinal dogmas of Chickasaw Theology: and the many-syllabled, unmouthable word placed at the head of them, means, in the Chickasaw language, what *we* mean by the word 'INEXPRESSIBLE!' Listen:

*Ainkuaptnakpopmuka.*

THE circumambient space conglomerate  
The essences terrene assimilate,  
The subterranean depths inanimate,  
As one stupendous Whole:  
The omni-present Indeterminate,  
The mind-perplexing dark inviscerate,  
The inexpressible innominate,  
Pervadeth as the Soul!

Remember, uncultured Thinker, of these times, that *indistinctness* is one of the most formidable elements of the 'true Sublime!' - - - THE splendid engraving, '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' which we issue as a 'Premium,' bids fair to repay the liberality which prompted the large outlay by Mr. GRAY for its purchase. It is every where received with the greatest favor, and is being rapidly circulated all over the country. It is a 'Premium,' we can assure our readers, which for varied excellences is in all and every respect what it is stated by our Proprietor to be. - - - A YOUNG 'Law-Student,' a misanthropic dyspeptic, who was induced to 'try' *Gymnastics*, sends us some of his '*Experiences*' in that department of 'Physical Science.' We clip and quote:

'I DID N'T attempt any thing for a good while. I sat and calmly surveyed the scene. I saw very little boys, who seemed to be qualifying themselves for the profession of India-rubber men. I saw great strapping men (new-comers) attempt and fail in things which fellows, whom they could put in their pockets, did with ease. I saw feats performed which seemed very hard, and which turned out to be very easy; and feats which were very simple to look at and 'splitters' to try; and then I took off my coat and 'went in.' I pulled up the small weights five or six times: I went along the horizontal ladder and the parallel-bars once or twice. I went home, and found two fine blisters on my hands next morning. Still I went there the next evening: exercised twice as much as I did before; felt convinced that I was getting along very fast: and lay awake almost all night, my arms ached so.

'I staid away about a week, and then fell to work again manfully: became acquainted with a young gentleman who 'knew the ropes;' and, under his guidance, I performed many marvellous feats; and also met with more mishaps than I believe any body ever met with before, in the same space of time.

'Being, as I have said, long and lean, and naturally awkward, every new thing I learned was ushered in by a disaster or two. But still I persevered, for I now 'slept like a top' and ate at a rate very alarming to my boarding-house keeper. I persevered, I say, for two long months, and was still in the 'full tide of successful experiment,' when, on going to the gymnasium at my accustomed hour one evening, I found a brilliant assemblage of beauty, brought together by invitation of the managers to witness our performances!

'I disported myself on the floor some time, until at length my evil genius impelled me to ascend, for the first time, a ladder, which ran up one side of the room nearly to the ceiling; then across, and down the other side of the room. Under the horizontal part of the ladder was temporarily placed a spring-board, of whose existence I was unaware. I wriggled up the ladder with convulsive jerks of the legs, the audience looking on in respectful silence; but, when I had reached the middle of the *horizontal* part, locomotion became impossible! I could neither go backward nor forward, but hung suspended between heaven and earth, like MOHAMMED's coffin. I squirmed about with my legs, but I could find no rest for the sole of my foot. I could hold on no longer; and as the distance was n't very great, I determined to drop to the floor as gracefully as possible, and persuade the audience that it was done on purpose. So I let go, and *down* I came perpendicularly—and *up* I went 'flying.' I had come down on my feet upon the spring-board!

'My first impression was a chaos: my second was, that I had dropped into the mouth of a cannon just as it was going off. *Up* I went, like a shuttle-cock, almost to the

ladder, at which I made a desperate but ineffectual 'claw,' which threw me out of the perpendicular, and *down* I came, bang! in a sitting posture; *up* I went again: and I gathered my legs under me distractedly as I rose; so that when I dropped again, I was shot in a slanting direction, head-foremost, as from a catapult, into the waistcoat of a two hundred pound man, who was looking on in open-mouthed astonishment. Down *he* went with a 'squelch,' and over him *I* went, like lightning, into the dressing-room! I rushed into my clothes, and out of the building, and have never entered a gymnasium since!

The writer 'has it in him' to do much better. - - - We call the special attention of our readers to D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S advertisement of ELEGANT and ILLUSTRATED Works for the festive season of 1860, including the 'Waverley Gallery;' 'Reynard the Fox;' the 'Book of Modern Ballads;' BUNYAN'S 'Pilgrim's Progress;' the 'Merchant of Venice;' CAMPBELL'S 'Pleasures of Hope;' 'Merry Pictures;' 'Merrie Days of England:' 'L' Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso;' 'Dies Iræ,' and 'Moral Emblems,' all in the choicest editions and most elegant binding. - - - WILL the reader, subscriber or agent receiving this number of the KNICKERBOCKER please use his best efforts to extend the circulation of the Magazine? The volumes for 1860 will be by far the most brilliant yet published; and in order that direct subscribers may not alone avail themselves of the splendid PREMIUM PLATE, agents can deduct sixty cents for each three-dollar subscription they may obtain for the KNICKERBOCKER for 1860, and 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time,' the balance, two dollars and forty cents, (two dollars and fifty-two cents when the Engraving is to be sent by mail,) to be paid in advance, and both the Magazine and Engraving to be furnished direct from the office of publication. A copy of 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time,' richly worth three dollars, will be sent to any one desiring to act as agent for the KNICKERBOCKER, on the receipt of one dollar, (one dollar and twelve cents when the Engraving is to be sent by mail,) which amount may be deducted from his remittance for subscriptions. A copy of the Engraving, free of postage, and the KNICKERBOCKER for 1860, will be sent *gratis*, to any one making up a club of five three subscribers. Address Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, 16 and 18 Jacob-street, New-York.

#### New Musical Publications.

Messrs. WM. HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued: *Preciosa*, fantasie de Salon, by WALLACE; *La Traviata*, fantasia, by HENRY ROSELEN. *When I am Far Away*, and *Where art Thou, Dearest?* ballads, by FOLEY HALL, are good specimens of ballad-writing. *Simon the Cellarer*, by J. L. HATTON, as sung by Mr. DRAYTON in his Parlor Operas in this city: a rollicking, jovial song, easy to be sung, and very good to listen to.

Messrs. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, No. 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued *Thy Heart's a Well of Waters*, by W. H. DUTTON: a fearfully sentimental song, for tenor voice, with easy arpeggio accompaniment. *Tam O'Shanter March*, illustrative of the celebrated *Opera* by ROBERT BURNS: composed by G. W. WARREN. The artist who drew the illustration had not read the 'opera' aforesaid very attentively, we judge.



---

MEMORIAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

---

Reminiscences of the late Washington Irving.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

---

THE death of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, occurring just as we were completing our Table, rendered it impossible for us to do more than present a biographical and historical sketch of his life and his literary career, from a contemporary daily journal, based, as we knew, upon authentic data, furnished from correct and reliable resources. This biographical sketch we accompanied with a few remarks, such only as we could prepare, with the brief time left us before those pages went to press.

We felt at the time the inadequacy of our notice of the most renowned and most voluminous of all the contributors to the *KNICKERBOCKER* in past days. For it was our 'benignant and happy fortune' to know intimately, and to enjoy the cordial friendship of, the author of the 'Sketch-Book' and of 'Bracebridge Hall,' for a period of over twenty years; an intimacy and a friendship, which was not for one moment interrupted, until at a 'ripe old age,' full of years and full of honors, he resigned his noble, genial, gentle spirit into the hands of his MAKER.

In a recent number of the '*Editorial Historical Narrative of the Knickerbocker Magazine*,' we have, we may hope, conveyed to our readers some idea of the intense delight with which Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING was welcomed to our pages as a contributor. But the pleasure which we derived from that fact, was heightened and continually strengthened by intercourse, not alone with the AUTHOR, but with the MAN. We are giving expression to no extravagant eulogy; we are not over-stating, in the slightest degree, the testimony which every one who had the happiness to know WASHINGTON IRVING, while he was living, will bear as to his character, when we say, that aside from his preëminence as the most justly renowned American author of our time, he was one of the most genial, the most truthful, the *most loveable* authors in the world.

As we have already described, our first preliminary intercourse with Mr. IRVING was simply of a business nature; it was soon arranged; and with a kindness and exceeding pleasantness of manner, which it is a delight to recall, even after the lapse of twenty years.

Soon after Mr. IRVING's permanent connection with our Magazine, as a monthly contributor to its pages, occurred the death of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, the twin-brother of the writer of this feeble tribute. His delight at the acquisition of 'GEOFFREY CRAYON' upon our staff of '*collaborateurs*,' hardly 'knew bounds;' and in an ensuing number we shall present his fervent congratulations thereupon. In the mean time, let us ask the reader's attention to the subjoined touching and beautiful letter of condolence addressed to us by Mr. IRVING soon after his decease:

VOL. LV.

8

‘MY DEAR SIR:

‘Sunnyside Cottage, July 8, 1841.

‘I HAVE not sooner replied to your letter of the eighteenth of June, communicating the intelligence of the untimely death of your twin-brother, because, in fact, I was at a loss how to reply. It is one of those cases in which all ordinary attempts at consolation are apt to appear trite and cold, and can never reach the deep-seated affliction. In such cases, it always appears to me better to leave the heart to struggle with its own sorrows and medicine its own ills: and indeed, in healthful minds, as in healthful bodies, PROVIDENCE has beneficently implanted self-healing qualities, that in time close up, and almost obliterate, the deepest wounds.

‘I do not recollect to have met your departed twin-brother more than once; but our interview left a most favorable impression upon me, which was confirmed and strengthened by all that I afterward knew of him. His career, although brief, has been useful, honorable, popular, and happy; and he has left behind him writings which will make men love his memory, and lament his loss. Under such circumstances a man has not lived in vain: and although his death be premature, there is consolation to his survivors, springing from his very grave.

‘Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

‘WASHINGTON IRVING.’

Perhaps it may not be amiss to mention here the occasion in which the subject of this note met Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING. It was at the nuptials of his life-long friend, DAVID GRAHAM, Junior, in Hudson Square, at which he officiated as groomsman: Mr. IRVING, if we remember rightly, as an old friend of the beautiful bride’s father, ROBERT HYSLOP, Esq., acting in a similar capacity. Brother WILLIS had this allusion to the event in his pleasant gossiping ‘*Ollapodiana*,’ in the KNICKERBOCKER for October, 1836:

‘EATING is earthly and sensual: and the knife-and-fork system of pursuing it, especially when you cannot select your own hardware, is ‘faulty.’ Commend me to the Turk. I could not eat with satisfaction at the Table d’hôte of any inn in the country, (some *ten* excepted, which it would be invidious to name,) did the table groan with a feast like that which covered the board of KATRINA VAN TASSEL, that Dutch beau-ideal of our beloved IRVING.

‘. . . . Talking of WASHINGTON IRVING: Let me take it for granted, reader, that you have never encountered him: for, except in the elevated circle where he moves and shines, I believe he is one who is not ambitious to ‘be seen of men.’ He affects not your pointings-out in the street, and greetings in the market-places: these he leaves to be struggled after with painful yearnings, ‘by the flimsy fry which injudicious friends would inflate to his capacity and standard.’

‘It is a year ago, since I had the pleasure to meet this affectionate, noble, genial man. I am myself but little known: and my praise is very far removed from what I should like Mr. IRVING to know that in my heart of hearts I could find it in my soul to bestow upon him. My feeling for him is a feeling of LOVE. His veracious ‘*History of New-York*’ has created more risibility under my waist-coat, than any other volumes from the Past or the Present. I read them regularly once a year. What a transparent flow of wit; what adroit satire; what simple ‘*happiness*’ of expression! As ‘GEOFFREY CRAYON’ I am charmed with him: as an historian, I honor him: as a Patriot and a Gentleman, I thoroughly revere him! What a *style* is his!

None of your shallow tinsel, your unnatural emblems, your forced conceits, your windy tropes: all is *Truth*, gentleness, Nature!’

The day of Mr. IRVING’s funeral was, like his life and his character, mellow and cheerful. It was a beautiful specimen of a *Winter Indian-Summer*. A soft, warm haze rested upon his ‘River of Delight,’ and clothed the bold mountains that towered over the Tappañ-Zee, and the lofty Palisades in the distance, with almost a preternatural grandeur and glory. We rode with a daughter along the lovely road to Nyack, seldom saying a word; for she had regarded Mr. IRVING and his writings from merest childish girlhood with an affection which was hardly the first remove from love.

Crossing to Tarrytown, we were received at the landing by a hospitable friend, whose palatial mansion adorns the ‘Zee’ which it commands in its noblest aspects, and in company with Mr. SPARROWGRASS, were driven at once to ‘Sunnyside.’

And all the way we could not choose but think of the delight we had a hundred times enjoyed in going over the same ground before, to the same destination. But now all was changed. The GENIUS of the place had departed!

Before taking up our summer quarters at DOBBS’ Ferry, for a couple of seasons, we had visited Mr. IRVING at Sunnyside, by way of the boat to Tarrytown, two or three times, at his request. We were not unaware, however, that he was daily paying the penalty of a glorious reputation and a popularity as an author and a man that was universal: and we relucted at intruding too frequently upon a leisure so precious as his. When we were first installed, however, at the ‘Ferry of DOBB,’ Mr. IRVING called in our absence, and left with Dame KNICK the subjoined most cordial note:

‘MY DEAR MR. CLARK:

‘I have been intending every day for some time past to drive down and make you a visit; but every day something or other has prevented. Do not, however, stand upon ceremony, but come to Sunnyside whenever you feel in the notion. It is but a pleasant walk by a foot-path along the Aqueduct. We dine at three o’clock, and shall always be happy to have you as a guest; but come at any time in the fresh of the morning, and lounge away the day under the trees. I can furnish you with books and leave you to yourself.

‘I am still busy with building and improving, and shall be at home for some time to you please, without further invitation.

come, excepting perhaps Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday next. So come when

‘I am much obliged to you for the loan of the periodicals, which I shall return to you in good order.

Very truly yours,

‘Sunnyside, July 28th, 1847.

WASHINGTON IRVING.’

We can affirm, with the entirest truth, that nothing in the whole course of our life ever afforded us more supreme pleasure than we enjoyed in our subsequent visits to Sunnyside. We always walked up on the Croton Aqueduct, a level, dry, and charming path-way, commanding the loveliest reaches of the ever-glorious Hudson; stopping to rest sometimes amid the ‘breezy call of incense-breathing morn,’ to read an article for, or a proof-sheet of the KNICKERBOCKER, under the shadow of one of the marble ventilators of the aqueduct.

Let us here present a few pleasant *Reminiscences of Washington Irving at Sunnyside*, infracting, as we hope, no privacy, nor embodying any thing which, if living, he himself would not be willing should appear in print.

As we have said, what always struck us the most forcibly was the universal kindness of his heart, and the unostentatious loveliness of his outward acts and his every-day demeanor.

One morning we were taking a short before-breakfast stroll along the north bank of the little stream which throws itself into the Hudson at the foot of the gentle slope on which stands the pleasant mansion of Sunnyside. Passing by a tree, close to the water's edge, we observed a bird sitting upon her nest: she never moved; but only winked her small, bright eyes as we passed.

'That is very strange, Mr. IRVING,' we said: 'is that a wild or a tame bird? she seems to have no bird-like timidity.'

'No,' Mr. IRVING rejoined, 'she has no occasion to be afraid of any one around here. I pass here sometimes a dozen times a day; but I never molest her, *nor she me.*'

At which we remember to have mentioned the story told by our friend Mr. ELLIOTT, the eminent portrait-painter, of a man caught in the act of killing a fat young sheep belonging to a neighbor: 'What are you doing *that* for?' asked the owner. 'What am I *doing* it for?' was the echo of the culprit: 'I'll kill *any* man's sheep, I do n't care *who* he is, *that tries to bite me!*'

At which Mr. IRVING laughed heartily; which fact alone makes us love to mention the anecdote.

While we were sitting beside a dam, 'a profane improvement,' as Mr. IRVING called it, the construction of which his brother had been overseeing, he mentioned the deposition of a rooster, by a sort of *coup d'état* of a stronger bird, which deposed monarch he pointed out as an exile, walking silent and solitary on the other side of the brook. 'He comes over sometimes,' said Mr. IRVING, 'to look in upon his old harem; but the members have no respect for him: his degradation is complete. I am sorry for him: he was a high old cockolorum in his day.'

'Do you see that tree?' asked Mr. IRVING, one day after dinner, as we were standing just before the south porch at Sunnyside. 'That tree is now about seventeen feet high, and growing taller and taller every day. I bought that of our friend DOWNING at Newburgh, for a flowering shrub, which was to bear an odorous blossom, and attain to its full growth at about four feet! The discrepancy reminds me,' continued Mr. IRVING, 'of a lady whom I once knew in England, who purchased of a dog-fancier a fine, soft, glossy King CHARLES spaniel. He was made a great pet of, and fed and pampered, even beyond his desires; for after every meal he was in the extremest pain; running round and moaning in the most piteous manner; and one day, after a more than usual hearty repast, he *burst his King Charles jacket*, and came out in his true character of a stout English bull-dog! My flowering shrub has gone through with a similar metamorphosis.'

It was a most pleasant event, '*A Ride through Sleepy-Hollow with Washington Irving.*' Let us record it for our present readers:

“‘Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,’ that here at Piermont we see rolling slowly over the hills that environ Sleepy-Hollow, on the other side of the river. Even while we watch it, it begins to shake its skirts, and to sift down upon the fading landscape its ‘superflux of shower.’ Looking at this, we cannot choose but think of a memorable excursion which the writer hereof once made with GEOFFREY CRAYON through the wizard region of Sleepy-Hollow, a neighborhood which his own pen had made world-wide famous. The morning had been thunderous and showery; nor did it entirely brighten up until the removal of the first champagne-cork at the hospitable table of ‘Sunnyside,’ always a precursor, as the host remarked, of ‘pleasant weather about this time.’ After dinner, preceded by the ladies of the household and another guest in the family-carriage, Mr. CRAYON, in a light open wagon, ‘tooled’ the ‘Old KNICK’ over the high eastern hills that inclose the sheltered valley where in their day lived and flourished old BALTUS VAN TASSEL, and his blooming daughter KATRINE. The sun came out between the pearl-colored opaque clouds; the birds began to sing in the trees; a bobolink was ‘rising and sinking on a long flaunting weed’ in an adjoining field; and every thing in nature was bright and smiling. Now it came to pass, howbeit, that when, beguiling the way with much rememberable converse, we came to the brow of the last hill that overlooks the turn of the road into the valley, one of the aforesaid opaque clouds, at first no bigger than a man’s hand, but which had been gradually ‘gathering fatness,’ suddenly darkened, and presently ‘opened upon us;’ also there were thunderings and lightnings; and trees, singly and in ranks, tossed their plumes of green, and battled with the storm. Moreover, the rain now descended amain; insomuch that Mr. CRAYON wheeled suddenly into an angle of a rail-fence that skirted an umbrageous grove, dismounted, clambered over, and took shelter under an adjacent tree, holding over his head meanwhile the cushioned wagon-seat, adown which, as from a spout, the rain poured from his back. ‘Why do n’t you come under here, and be comfortably housed, as I am?’ asked the Sleepy-Hollow historian, with amusing mock gravity: ‘Whereto thus then’ ‘Old KNICK:’ ‘Dare n’t do it, dear Sir; ‘fraid of the lightning, now playing about us; had a near relation once struck with the ‘electric fluid’ (the kind always mentioned by country newspapers as the most fatal) while standing under a tree; came near dying—but did n’t.’

“‘Oh!’ answered Mr. CRAYON, ‘that alters the case: *‘it runs in the family, eh?’*’

‘Well, well; the idea of lightning ‘running in a family;’ the odd appearance of the speaker, with his inverted leathern cushion on his head, under which he looked like a Roman beneath his tortoise-shell shield; the after excursion through the valley, with all that we saw and heard by the way; the appearance of a saturated guest about the hearth of ‘Sunnyside’ that night, clad in roomy habiliments of the host; all these manifold recollections have arisen in about the space of a minute.

‘Cur’ous’ and very pleasant are the matters lodged in the thousand cells of memory!’

This brief gossipry, short as it is, has exceeded our space: but it will be followed by several similar sketches upon the same theme, covering and including the reminiscences of more than twenty years.

The last tribute was paid to the ‘Beloved Departed’ at the rural cemetery near Tarrytown, of which he speaks in the following characteristic, felicitous letter:

MY DEAR MR. CLARK :

‘I will thank you to send me the two numbers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* which contain the story of Mountjoy.

‘You once spoke to me about some work, in print or manuscript, in the possession of your Oriental correspondent, relative to the history of Persia, which might be of service to me in writing the life of MAHOMET. Can you procure me a sight of it?

‘I send you a plan of a rural cemetery, projected by some of the worthies of Tarrytown, on the woody hills adjacent to the Sleepy Hollow church. I have no pecuniary interest in it, but I hope it may succeed, as it will keep that beautiful and umbrageous neighborhood sacred from the anti-poetical and all-levelling axe. Beside, I trust I shall lay my bones there. The projectors are plain matter-of-fact men, but are already aware of the blunder they have committed in naming it the *Tarrytown* instead of the *Sleepy Hollow* cemetery. The latter name would have been enough of itself to secure the patronage of all desirous of sleeping quietly in their graves. I beg you to correct this oversight, should you, as I trust you will, think proper to notice this sepulchral enterprise.

‘I hope, as the spring opens, you will accompany me in one of my brief visits to Sunnyside, when we will make another visit to Sleepy Hollow, and (thunder and lightning permitting) have a colloquy among the tombs. Yours, very truly,

*New-York, April 27th, 1849.*

WASHINGTON IRVING.’

And there in that little rural cemetery they laid the Great and Good Man in his final rest. Winter day though it was, the sun shone in spring-like freshness, the sod was soft and green, and the little birds sang a sweet requiem from the overhanging boughs. As the vast multitude, certainly not less than three thousand persons, wended their way homeward, the sun was setting behind the lordly hills of the Hudson, the feathery golden clouds suggesting not only a glorious termination of the day, but a glorious immortality.

### Washington Irving as an Invalid.

BY DR. JAMES O. NOYES.

FROM various sources, but principally from Dr. J. C. PETERS, Mr. IRVING's only physician from 1852 to the day of his death, we have collected a number of facts and anecdotes that are new, and may interest our readers, in connection with the preceding pages. The relation of the patient to his physician was so intimate and confidential, that, though frequently solicited by the latter, he would never consent to avail himself of other medical advice.

A strong and elastic constitution, with remarkably abstemious habits, carried Mr. IRVING through a laborious life in comparative health. For a period of twenty years he neither called in a physician nor took a dose of medicine. His love of Nature — an idea that because he loved her, she would do him no harm — led him frequently to expose himself unnecessarily. Until within a few years



he would carelessly fall asleep on the ground or on the settee in the piazza of Wolfert's Roost. A severe catarrh, which for a long time affected his voice, was the consequence. Of this difficulty he was suddenly relieved, by the prescription of a good lady in the neighborhood, but an asthma immediately supervened, which at intervals caused him great suffering, until within two or three months of his death, when it entirely disappeared.

The asthma was the precursor, if not the cause, of the fatal enlargement of the heart that developed itself about the time Mr. IRVING finished writing his fifth volume of the *Life of WASHINGTON*, the proof-sheets of which he was not able to correct. His great and laborious work had been carried on without any serious interruption, and as it drew to a close, Mr. IRVING promised himself and his anxious friends that he would take a long holiday of repose. Though 'out of sorts,' he considered himself sound. He had suffered previously from several attacks of fever and ague, contracted by a tour to the Western lakes. In the stage of fever he would fall into a lethargy that lasted several hours, and from which he could not be aroused by artificial means.

Some of Mr. IRVING's friends also believed that he never entirely recovered from the effects of the fall from his horse, alluded to in Mr. WILLIS' letter. His face was much bruised, but he called the attention of his physician especially to his chest, remarking jocosely that his skull was very strong; that he had never had the head-ache in his life, or any unpleasant sensation in the head, except a few attacks of vertigo when writing the first volume of his *Life of WASHINGTON*.

Mr. IRVING was informed of his actual condition through his nephew. At the next interview with his physician, he told him, in private, what he had heard, wished him to explain the nature of the disease, and remarked that he supposed he must be prepared to die suddenly. He added that he would like to live so long as he could make himself useful to those about him, but hoped that he might never become a confirmed invalid, a helpless burden upon his friends. He requested the doctor also to have as little said about the matter as possible, as he did not wish to become an object of sympathy, or have those not immediately about him speculate as to the probable time of his death. He would trust to Providence, to his excellent constitution, and what his physician could not alleviate he would bear with all the resignation he could summon. Mr. IRVING, especially after the completion of his great work, suffered much from sleeplessness, producing nervous agitation, and at times despondency. During his whole life, in fact, he did not remember to have slept six hours without waking. Entire forgetfulness for four hours was a circumstance to be remembered. CHARLES LANMAN, Esq., writing of him in 1853, says that for years he had frequently spent half the night awake, and that at such times he was in the habit of reading a great deal. Mr. IRVING said he really envied the man who could sleep long and soundly. Until within a few years he slept in his library, with lamp, matches, and books at the head of the bed. When comparatively well, he was to be heard every morning, between four and five o'clock, in his room, taking the indispensable sponge-bath, and preparing for the morning walk. His habit of early rising often produced drowsiness in the afternoon and evening, when he would sleep in his

chair or on the sofa, his head inclined slightly forward, but without nodding or loud breathing.

About the time of the completion of his last volume, Mr. IRVING called upon his physician, in the city, greatly depressed and agitated, saying that he had not slept for four nights, and begged that something might be done for him. He remained in the city a few weeks, for better treatment. The doctor found that in the evening it was comparatively easy to procure his patient sleep, when a piano was playing or people were conversing in the room; but when he retired by himself, there would return the same wakeful nervousness, sadness, and despondency. His friends would read to him by the hour, not that he wished or allowed himself to become interested, but to hear the monotonous tones of the voice, which were very soothing to his excited nerves. He had travelled so much, and known so many distinguished individuals, however, that in reading there was danger of exciting him, by touching some chord of association or sympathy.

Mr. IRVING suffered greatly from these attacks of despondency during the remaining months of his life, consequent, no doubt, upon his failing health. He did not allow them, however, to interfere with his long established habits. Down to the day of his death, he was regularly in his chair at the head of the table, carved, and waited upon all who were seated, in that unstudied but graceful manner that was characteristic of all his acts. When suffering the most, he would sometimes cheer up suddenly, his eyes sparkle and his face flush, so as to give him the appearance of being years younger, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the power of a strong will over his weak body, and leading visitors, especially, to believe that the reports of his illness were exaggerated. At such times he would utter, in a quaint way, some of those bright and humorous sayings for which he was so remarkable. When, for the first time, he found himself too weak to carve, or to cut up the piece given him, he remarked sadly that he would go and lie down. He rose with tottering steps, and one end of his shawl happening to drag upon the floor, he looked back and said playfully: 'I must look like a bird of Paradise, with my fine long tail.' When a number of people in the room were talking about a woman who had ascended in a balloon and never been heard from, and wondering what had become of her, Mr. IRVING, suddenly brightening, said: 'Why, she's up above; handed out by ENOCH and ELLIAH!'

Mr. IRVING, as we have already said, was remarkably abstemious. He could endure nothing gross, was fond of delicate bits, and seemed not to eat half so much as an ordinary person of his size. He drank tea and coffee, and had wine on the dinner-table, using it himself, however, most sparingly. Mr. IRVING always offered his arm to one of the ladies present, to conduct her to table in the olden style; said grace himself; usually attended the morning and evening prayers, while his parting from the members of the family in the evening, and his greeting of them in the morning were as affectionate as if he had been about to leave, or had been separated from them a long time. Rarely or never has there been seen in an American family one so kind, so considerate, so gentle, and yet so noble, uniting in himself all home virtues and courtly manners.

Such was the delightful place Mr. IRVING filled at Wolfert's Roost, and from

which he was suddenly called away to other and brighter scenes. On the evening of his death he played five games of whist, and retired to his room at the usual hour, his niece carrying up with him his medicines and a small pitcher of ice-water. Leaning a moment with his elbow upon the mantel, he complained of low spirits, saying: 'I never in my life felt so sad.' He then walked a few steps, put his right hand on the foot of the cottage-bedstead, his left over his heart, and a moment after began gradually to sink. His niece, thinking he was trying to seat himself in a chair by his side, caught him in her arms. His head fell back upon her shoulder, and with three little gasps for breath, without a groan or struggle, life was extinct.

He was buried in plain citizen's dress; and it was noticed, as a singular peculiarity, that the rosewood coffin was marked by a number of distinct crosses in the natural wood. On his table, where he had placed them, were some of his favorite books: the Bible and Prayer-Book, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' CAMPBELL'S 'Pleasures of Hope,' etc.

Every anecdote or incident concerning Mr. IRVING will be treasured by his friends. As an instance of his kindness to animals, he said one day, to his physician, when they met in the road a team which had formerly belonged to him: 'I can't bear to see those poor horses drawing dirt. They were once my carriage-horses. I shall never again sell any animal that belongs to me.' The horses, however, were well cared for, the owner being very proud of them.—Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS gives us the two following incidents. While he was sketching the pleasant picture seen through two beautiful elms, as you look up the river from the Sunny-Side lawn, and talking with Mr. IRVING, the latter fell into some allusions to his advancing age and declining strength, and added, with his characteristic sly humor: 'Some twenty years ago, I carried both those trees on my shoulder; but, bless you, I couldn't do it now!' He had planted the trees himself. Speaking one day of the pretty gardener's cottage, he said that he had been forced to build it; that ROBERT, after basking in the smiles of Fortune as a jolly, contented bachelor for many years, had been overtaken by calamity, and got married; that it was a sad affair, a very sad affair, although ROBERT did not seem to think so, but on the contrary, deemed himself a more lucky boy than ever. Still, the thing was done, and could not be undone; and it only remained to make the best of a bad bargain. He had foreseen the consequences at once, (pointing to the youngsters playing in the cottage park,) and so set forward to plan and erect a new edifice. It was Mr. IRVING'S custom to buy Christmas toys for the children of his gardener and coachman, and present them himself. Last Christmas the unpleasant weather kept him in-doors, but he was uneasy all day about the children, who received the presents, but, he knew, would miss his visit. The next day he called upon them, to enjoy their bright smiles. In the cars one day from New-York an Irish woman in the next seat could not keep her two noisy children quiet. Mr. IRVING took one of them in his arms, caressed it, and when the woman got out she thanked him, saying: 'You must be a kind, good father, Sir.' 'No,' said Mr. IRVING, 'I am, unfortunately, an old bachelor.' The children at Tarrytown would often put flowers in his church pew.

Mr. IRVING cherished tenderly the memory of his excellent mother. On meet-

ing Mrs. CURTIS, he was so struck with her resemblance to his parent, then dead forty years, that his feelings overpowered him, and he was obliged to apologize to the lady for the emotions her presence excited. It is well known that Mr. IRVING was engaged to the sister of a distinguished lawyer, and that she died of consumption before the expiration of the time fixed for their marriage. We have heard of a well-worn miniature confided by him to an artist, in order to have the ravages of time upon the precious relic repaired so far as possible. Mr. IRVING and his affianced, with two friends situated like themselves, once visited a watering-place near the city. Many years later, Mr. IRVING called upon the same friend, surrounded by a happy family, and was so overcome by the associations suggested, that he burst into a flood of tears.

---

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE BANCROFT, BEFORE THE N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

‘MEMORY cherishes the lovely qualities and beautiful career of our friend who has just ceased to be mortal; but words are wanting to portray his genius and his virtues. No American since WASHINGTON has taken with him to the grave the undivided affection of the American people like IRVING. And it is right that it should be so. He came into the world just as a treaty with England gave our Republic a recognized existence among the nations; and he was lulled in his cradle by the pleasant songs of returning peace. The first great solemnity that he gazed upon in his childhood was the inauguration of our Constitution; so that the early life of him who was called to take the foremost part in creating an American literature, was bathed in the purest dews of our country’s morning. As he grew up, his genial humor was nursed by the traditions and inspirations of his own native State; he opened his heart to all the pleasant influences that surrounded him; he made himself one with Nature as she reveals herself in her glory along the Hudson; and when he was scarce six-and-twenty years old he had written what the world will not suffer to be forgotten.

‘Thus far his literary activity had been the out-going of the joyousness of youth; his mind was to be ripened, his character to be matured, his rightful career to be made plain by the trials of affliction. He had loved and been beloved; and he watched, to use his own words, ‘beauty and innocence languish into the tomb.’ The being was departed whom he had loved as he never again was to love in this world, who had loved him as he was never again to be loved; and the gladsome humor that marked his entrance into life had become, not subdued, but tinged by a sweet-souled melancholy, and a large and more earnest sympathy with his kind. Now, when he stood mid-way in the path of human life, of a sudden his outward fortune was swept away and disappeared, and he was left in possession of nothing but his own mind. Blessed adversity! that opened to him the treasures which lay heaped up within his soul. Sorrow and misfortune only brought out in its brightness the purity of his nature, and were but as clouds that reflect the sunshine in a thousand hues.

‘In a foreign land, alone, impoverished, bereaved, he was so good and true, we might also say angels ministered to him. He looked with serene wisdom upon the angry waves that threatened him, and they passed under him without harm.

‘The career of letters now claimed him for its service. He had not been deeply read in books; but his mind was richly stored with images of beauty and primal truths, and he knew Nature by heart. The English language, which better than any other can express the sincerity of affection, the delicacy of sentiment, the freshness of rural scenes, spread out its boundless wealth as his own; and at that period of what he himself calls

'his troubled life,' he conquered for himself fame and good will wherever that language is spoken.

'It was at this period of his life that, during a summer at Paris, I formed with him that relation of friendly intimacy which grew in strength to the last. Time has in a measure effaced the relative difference of our years, but then he was almost twice as old as I. As we roamed together over the fields around Paris, many an earnest and noble and encouraging word fell from him for my behalf; and sometimes he would speak to me of his own occupations. How he proceeded with descriptions, I cannot say; but I found that where he gave expression to feeling, he would write continuously, pouring out as it were at one gush all he intended to give forth. One evening, after we had been many hours together, he took me to his room and read to me what he had written at one sitting, without pause, under one inspiration, and almost without interlineation or erasure.

'I remember it to this day; it was his 'St. MARK'S Eve,' from the words 'I am now alone in my chamber,' to the end. He that studies such passages closely will find confessions of IRVING'S own inward experience and affections.

'As an historian, IRVING stands in the front rank. His life of COLUMBUS has all kinds of merit — research, critical judgment, interest in the narrative, picturesque description and golden style; exquisite in the melody of its cadences and in its choice of words. His life of WASHINGTON, which is still dear to the American people, is a marvel. No one has so painted the Father of his Country to the life; modestly disclaiming great extent of original research, he has yet added much that was not known before. But what distinguishes him is the grace and facility of his movement. He writes American history, as it were, by the aid of special endowments; he takes with him a candor that never fails; a clear, impartial judgment, and an unrivalled keenness of insight into character. He may err in minor details, but never in the general effect. No one has drawn so true, and touching, and vivid a picture of WASHINGTON in his retirement as IRVING, who published it while suffering from prostration of the nerves, a depression of spirits, and that attack of asthma which harassed him to the last.

'Nor let it be forgotten that IRVING is a native of our own New-York. Like CHAUCER, and MILTON, and POPE, and GRAY, his birth-place was in the heart of a city. Among the Greeks, when a victor returned from the Olympian games, the citizens of his own home esteemed his prizes their own, went out to welcome his return, and would even break down the walls to receive him in greater triumph. Our IRVING has wrestled in the game of life and come off the conqueror; he has gone to his long home; on the mildest of winter days we have surrounded him with flowers and laid him among his kindred, and his spirit in its flight has been borne upward on the affections of countless multitudes. Now, what shall we do here to mark for him our veneration and love? He gave to this city of merchants fame throughout the world of letters. Will not, then, the merchants of New-York raise to his memory a statue of purest marble? It would be the payment of a debt to his fame, a just tribute to his virtues, a lesson to the rising generations. Fathers might then take their sons to gaze on his lineaments, and say: 'There is the man who during more than fifty years employed his pen as none other could have done, and in all that time never wrote one word that was tainted by skepticism, nor one line that was not as chaste and pure as the violets of spring.'

---

EXTRACTS FROM DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS' REMARKS BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

'THERE was a period in the life of the great author in which I think I have some advantage, in information at least, over the orators of to-night; and that fact, and that only, impels me to the utterance of a few circumstances associated with WASHINGTON IRVING during a portion of his school-boy days.

'I was a boy of the same school with young IRVING, now some sixty-two years since, in 1797. The institution was situated in John-street, next to the primary Methodist Meeting-

house, and in the vicinity of the renowned John-street Theatre. There were some six years difference in our ages, and IRVING occupied a place in the school among the older youth at the head where the prominent master had his desk and exercised his ferule. The younger the scholar the nearer the entrance or door seemed to be the disposition of the seat for him. In that day of dreary teaching in our academies, young IRVING was associated with boys of about the same age with himself, and their studies blended in classes in the ordinary way so common in school arrangements. I remember well the elementary books scattered about so characteristic of a common English school. The 'Columbian Orator' of BINGHAM, and HAMILTON MOORE's 'Monitor;' the 'School-master's Assistant' of DILWORTH, and the 'Arithmetic' of PIKE, with here and there a copy of DYCE's English Dictionary. In those days ballads, on printed slips or folded in octavo half-sheets, were widely sold in the streets, and many found their way in the school-house. WARRY and MEG was of the number, supposed generally to be an offspring of BURNS, but afterward known as an early production of the celebrated ALEXANDER WILSON, the great American ornithologist, and many of the songs of the famous DIBDIN. Young IRVING was, I think, more of a reader than a student, so far as prescribed duties enjoined. I take it that even at this juvenile period he had already adopted his own peculiar method of obtaining knowledge. That quick foresightedness, that apt seizure of a principle or a fact, that quick comprehension rendered it comparatively any easy matter for him to master his rule of three, and as to grammar, we may infer from the ever dominant beauty and gracefulness of his diction in all his writings, that he was etymological from the beginning. The leading teacher of the institution was ever insisting on the importance of rhetoric, and struggled hard to make every boy a CICERO. He assigned pieces for memory, to be rehearsed at the public exhibitions of his scholars and such was his ethnological science, that he assigned to IRVING the heroic lines:

'My voice is still for war,'

while I, nearly seven years younger, was given for rhetorical display,

'Pity the sorrows of a *poor old man*.'

'There was a curious conflict existing in the school between the principal and his assistant—the former a legitimate burgher of the city, the latter a New-England pedagogue. So far as I can remember, something depended on the will of the boy's parents; but if not expressed otherwise, the principal stuck earnestly to DILWORTH, and the assistant, for his section of instruction, to NOAH WEBSTER: the same system was adopted with the school in unfolding the intricacies of arithmetic. DILWORTH was all in all with the principal, while NICHOLAS PIKE, with his amended federal currency, was imparted by the assistant.

'It is a remark, well founded, that realities are but dimly to be traced in the twilight of the imagination, and the first impulses of genius are often to be illustrated by the subsequent career of the individual. Young IRVING at school was a quiet boy. I can narrate no wild freaks or sports originating from his conduct. It is true, that except from the general good order of his section of the room and his devotion to reading, I had little chance to do more than look at him as at other scholars, witness his movements in the street, and observe his rather taciturn and sequestered way. He seemed to have a habit of loneliness or abstraction; but he was early a reader, and I might say an observer from the beginning to the end of his life. These qualities, it is not to be supposed, were so prominent as to induce special notice at that period of life; yet, as his teacher seemed to bestow particular attention to his pupil, his maturer wisdom may have found in his scholar a temperament of peculiar indications, and thus tolerated the impulses of a youth who gave promise of character. Among the incidents of young IRVING's life, we know him to have been remarkable for his pedestrian excursions, at times alone; sometimes accompanied with his intimate friends, BREVOORT, PAULDING, and BLAUVELT, an unfledged



poet: his rambles at Weehawken, his tours to the Passaic; his walks through the Stuyvesant line of cherry-trees, (which it may be remarked passed directly through the grounds on which this edifice in which we are now convened stands,) all betray that love of nature which he has so luxuriantly unfolded in his captivating writings.

'Did not the lateness of the evening forbid, I would dwell somewhat upon that remarkable faculty which IRVING possessed of rejoicing in the luxuries and beauties of nature; his love of animals, his delights in surveying the garden and the farm-yard, his zeal to behold the anomalies of the vegetable world, his gratification in comprehending the labors of the naturalist, and point out how the defects of the schools of that day were overcome by his reading and his minute observation. He has more than once dwelt with me upon the odd characters he has encountered in the streets of our city in those days, and none seems to have made a stronger impression on him than the once famous HOFFMEISTER, popularly known as BILLY the Fiddler. I do not recollect whether this musical genius and singularly constructed man finds a place in any of IRVING's writings.

'You all, gentlemen, have dwelt upon the genialhum or of IRVING; his kindly nature was ever apparent. That his mind was fructified by a close study of the older dramatists, I think a safe inference. That fountain of knowledge yields a living spring to all who delineate human character, and who has excelled him in that branch of intricate illustration? He had a marvellous tendency to the curious. IRVING, had he walked through a lunatic asylum, would seem to have been qualified to write a treatise on insanity; had he been bred to physic, could his sensibilities have endured such servitude, he might have become famous for his descriptive powers in diagnostic pathology. There was a trait of singular and peculiar excellence in Mr. IRVING. His courteous and benignant intercourse with others, whether in the humbler or the higher walks of life, was of so captivating a character as never to create a rebellious feeling, but ever awaken emotions of friendship. Unobtrusive with his vast merits, he won esteem from all beholders. He possessed a quick discernment in the analysis of character. Of all mortals he was freest of envy, and merit of every order he was ready to recognize. A literary man, *par excellence*, he could admire the arts and look upon mechanical skill and the artisan with the feelings of the most accomplished in scientific pursuits; he knew that intellect presided in mechanics as well as in the Homeric song. Posterity, to whom he may most safely be confided, will forget neither the man nor his writings: these unfold the treasures of a commanding genius laden with the excellencies of an unparalleled diction, while of the author himself we may emphatically affirm that his literary products are a faithful transcript of his peculiar mind. He enjoys a glorious triumph; he need not plead in extenuation of a line that he has penned. Let us console ourselves at his loss that he was native, and 'to the manor born,' that his life was immaculate and without reproach, and that in death he triumphed over its terrors. Let it be our pride that the patriarch of American literature is indissolubly connected, in his mighty fame, with the Father of his Country.

'The lateness of the hour forbids a longer trespass on your indulgence.'

#### FROM MR. WILLIS' 'IDLEWILD' LETTER.

'DURING the ten minutes before Mr. IRVING came in, (for he was out upon his morning drive when we arrived,) his nieces very kindly gratified our interest in the 'workshop of genius' by taking us into the library—the little curtain-windowed sanctuary where his mind had found both its labor and its repose, though, by the open newspapers scattered carelessly over the large writing-table in the centre, and the inviting readiness of the well-cushioned lounge in the recess, it now serves more the purpose of the repose more needed. It was a labyrinth of books; as it was a labyrinth of tender associations, in which, as the eye roved over its consecrated nooks and corners, the fancy, in all reverence, rambled lovingly! The tear at the heart kissed the threshold as we left it.

'I was looking admiringly, once more, at JARVIS's record of him at the Sketch-Book period

of his life, (the portrait with the fur collar, which all who have seen it will so well remember,) when Mr. IRVING came in from his drive. We had heard so much, recently, of his illness, that I was surprised to see with how lively and firm a step he entered — removing the slouched hat (a comfortable departure from the old-school covering, which I had never expected to see on so proper a head!) with as easy elegance as ever, sitting down with his gray shawl left carelessly over his shoulders, and entering upon kind inquiries and exchange of courtesies with no hindrance of debility that I could see. He is thinner somewhat, in both form and features — owing to the asthma, which interferes somewhat with his repose when lying down — but the genial expression of his countenance is unchanged, and his eye as kindly and bright. As to sprightliness of attention and reply, I could see little difference from the WASHINGTON IRVING of other days. The reports of his illness must have been exaggerated, I thought.

‘Conversation falling upon exercise, Mr. IRVING remarked that he daily took his drive in the carriage — less from any desire to go abroad than from finding, since he had given up habits of labor, that time hung heavy on his hands. If he walks out, it is only in the grounds. We spoke of horseback-riding, and he gave us a most amusing account of his two last experiences in that way — a favorite horse called ‘Gentleman Dick’ having thrown him over his head into a laurel bush, which kindly broke his fall; and another very handsome nag, given him by his brother, having proved to be opinionative as to choice of road — particularly at a certain bridge, which it was very necessary to pass in every ride, but which the horse could not by any reasonable persuasion be got over. With the sending of this horse-dogmatist to town, to be sold to meaner service for his obstinacy, had ended the experiments in the saddle.

‘The honored invalid complaining a little of hoarseness in his voice, I mentioned to him an alleviative I had lately chanced upon myself for a similar trouble — asking accidentally for some help to my hoarseness in an apothecary’s shop, and getting a lozenge with a most mysterious name, which I had since found an invariable throat deepener for three notes in the gamut. I contrived to call to memory the Osawatamystic inscription on the box, (‘Brown’s Pectoral Trochees,’) and I was amused with the affectionate playfulness with which Mr. IRVING called on one of his nieces, (explaining, aside, ‘this is my doctor,’) to remember the name of the medicine. This same charming household physician, I observed, followed him to the door, as he came out afterward to see us off, and guarded him against the cool air by tenderly drawing the shawl about his neck and placing his hat upon his head — caressing affections which he evidently submitted to as a habit, the gentle troop who are thus his constant ministers being like a portion of his own personal existence.

‘Attributable, perhaps, to a rallying of his animal spirits with cessation from work, I could not but wonder at the effortless play of ‘DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER’ humor, which ran through all his conversation. WASHINGTON IRVING, in his best days, I am very sure, was never more socially ‘agreeable’ than with us for that brief visit. One little circumstance was mentioned in the course of this pleasant gossip. There was some passing discussion of the wearing of beards — his friend, Mr. KENNEDY, having made that alteration in his physiognomy since they had met — and Mr. IRVING closed a playful comment or two upon the habit by saying that he could scarce afford the luxury himself, involving, as it would do, the loss of the most effectual quietus of his nerves. To get up and shave, when tired of lying awake, sure of going to sleep immediately after, had long been a habit of his. There was an amusing exchange of sorrows, also, between him and Mr. KENNEDY as to persecution by autograph-hunters; though the ex-Secretary gave rather the strongest instance, mentioning an unknown man who had written to him when at the head of the Navy Department, requesting, as one of his constituents, to be furnished with autographs of all the Presidents, of himself and the rest of the Cabinet, and of any other distinguished men with whom he might be in correspondence!’

## FROM THEODORE TILTON'S 'HALF-HOUR AT SUNNYSIDE.'

'Mr. IRVING is not so old-looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall into the back-parlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year! He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he made me almost forget that I was the guest of an old man long past his 'three-score years and ten.'

'But what should one talk about who had only half an hour with WASHINGTON IRVING? I ventured the question:

'Now that you have laid aside your pen, which of your books do you look back upon with most pleasure?'

'He immediately replied: 'I scarcely look with full satisfaction upon any; for they do not seem what they might have been; I often wish that I could have twenty years more, to take them down from the shelf, one by one, and write them over.'

'He spoke of his daily habits of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more. His usual hours for literary work were from morning to noon. But, although he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, and could never tell, when he took the pen, how many hours would pass before he would lay it down.

'But,' said he, 'these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition, have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in any thing outside of the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind awake.'

'His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

'Some writers,' said he, 'appear to have been independent of moods. Sir WALTER SCOTT, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could CRABBE—but with this difference: SCOTT always, and CRABBE seldom, wrote well. I remember,' said he, 'taking breakfast one morning with ROGERS, MOORE, and CRABBE; the conversation turned on BYRON's poetic moods; CRABBE said that, however it might be with Lord BYRON, as for himself, he could write as well at one time as at another. But,' said IRVING, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, 'CRABBE has written a great deal that nobody can read!'

'He mentioned, that while living in Paris, he went a long period without being able to write. 'I sat down repeatedly,' said he, 'with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on paper. At length I told my friend TOM MOORE, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and would work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast, and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until MOORE came in again at four in the afternoon—when I had completely covered the table with freshly-written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks.'

'I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy: he replied, 'Bracebridge Hall.'

'None of your works,' I remarked, 'are more charming than the Biography of GOLD-SMITH.'

'Yet that was written,' said he, 'even more rapidly than the other.' He then added: 'When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read.'

'Sometimes, also, as the last Idlewild letter mentions, he gets up to shave.

“When I was in Spain,” he remarked, “searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the *Life of COLUMBUS*, I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four.”

“He said that whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless; and he invariably threw it away and began again; ‘for,’ as he observed, ‘an essay or chapter that has been *hammered out*, is seldom good for any thing. An author’s right time to work is when his mind is aglow: when his imagination is kindled—these are the precious moments; let him wait until they come, but when they have come, let him make the most of them.’

“I referred to his last and greatest work, the ‘*Life of WASHINGTON*,’ and asked if he felt on finishing it, any such sensation as GIBBON is said to have experienced over the last sheet of the ‘*Decline and Fall*.’ He replied that the whole work had engrossed his mind to such a degree, that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feebleness of health; that he feared, in the midst of his labor, that it would break him down before he could end it; that when at last the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back upon his red-cushioned lounge with an indescribable feeling of relief! He added that the great fatigue of mind, throughout the whole task, had resulted from the care and pains required in the construction and arrangement of materials, and not in the mere literary composition of the successive chapters.

“On the parlor wall hung the engraving of FAERD’s picture of ‘SCOTT and his Contemporaries;’ I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

“‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I know every man of them but three; and now they are all gone!’

“‘Are the portraits good?’ I inquired.

“‘SCOTT’s head,’ he replied, ‘is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of SCOTT’s force; CAMPBELL’s is tolerable; LOCKHART’s is the worst. LOCKHART,’ said he, ‘was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than in the picture.’

“‘You should write one more book,’ I hinted.

“‘What is that?’

“‘Your reminiscences of those literary friends.’

“‘Ah!’ he exclaimed, ‘it is too late now! I shall never take the pen again; I have so entirely given up writing, that even my best friends’ letters lie unanswered. I must have rest. No more books now!’

“He referred to the visit the week before, from Mr. WILLIS, whose letter he had just been reading in the *Home Journal*.

“‘I am most glad,’ said he, ‘that Mr. WILLIS remembered my nieces; they are my housekeepers and nurses; they take such good care of me, that really I am the most fortunate old bachelor in the world! Yes,’ he repeated, with a merry emphasis, ‘the most fortunate old bachelor in all the world!’

“It was delightful to witness the animation of his manner, and the heartiness of his gratitude, as he continued to relate how they supplied all his wants—gave him his medicine at the right time, without troubling him to look at the clock for himself; called him down to breakfast; cloaked and shawled him for his morning ride; brought him his hat for his fine weather walks; and in every possible way, humored him in every possible whim.

“‘I call them sometimes my nieces,’ he said, ‘but oftener my daughters!’

“As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. It was a gift from a little child who had come to see him every day during his sickness. The picture was accompanied with a note printed in large letters with a lead pencil, by the little correspondent, who said she was too young to write. He spoke with great vivacity of his childish visitor. ‘Children,’ said the old man, ‘are great pets; I am very fond of the little creatures.’”